BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1942

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VOL. 24, No. 4 APRIL, 1942

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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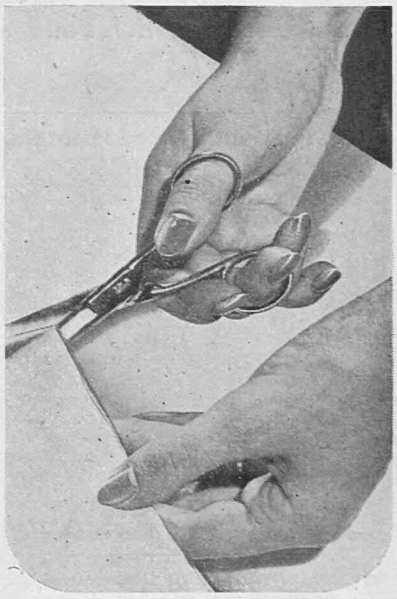
Hands

THAT WORK FOR VICTORY



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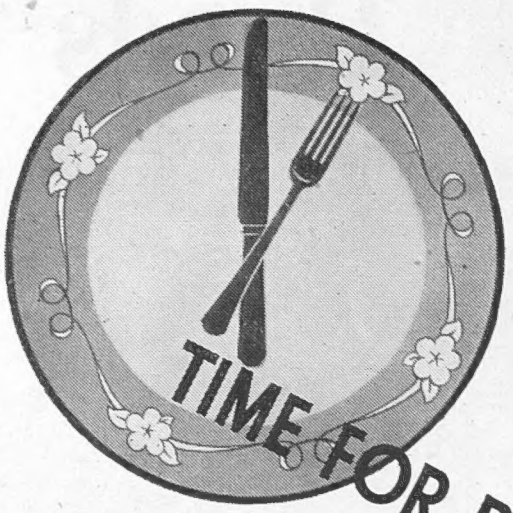

Dinner is the meal which gives you most chance of ringing the changes, even if you only do so in the extra vegetables — which by the way, are especially important now that fruit is scarce. You get more good out of your food if it is varied, so don't be afraid to try new ideas. Here are suggestions for two dinners which your family will enjoy:

Baked Steak with Sliced Potatoes. Scrub and cut into ½ in. thick slices, 2 lbs. potatoes. Parboil 10 minutes in salted water. Put half into a greased baking tin, with a little sliced onion if possible. Add 1 lb. stewing steak, cut thick; on top of this put a "blanket" of sausage-meat, shaped to fit the steak. Cover with the rest of the potato slices. Thicken ½ pint of the potato liquid with a teaspoon each of gravy powder and flour; pour it on. Bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. When half-cooked, brush the top potatoes with dripping, and sprinkle with salt.

Victory Sponge. Grate 1 large raw potato and 2 medium raw carrots; mix in 1 breakfastcupful of breadcrumbs, 1 breakfastcupful self-raising flour, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, ½ teaspoonful flavouring, such as vanilla or lemon. Thoroughly stir in 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Put 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls of jam in a heated basin, run it round to cover the inside. Cool. Put in the pudding mixture, tie on a cover of margarine paper, steam 2 hours.

Cod Casserole. Skin 1½ lbs. fresh-salted cod, bring to boil, simmer 15 to 20 minutes, flake, and remove any bones. Parboil and slice thinly 1 lb. parsnips. Slice one small cabbage, crossways. Arrange in layers in a pie dish or stewing jar, sprinkling each layer with a little chopped parsley, leek when possible, and small pieces of margarine. Blend a dessertspoonful of cornflour with 1 pint of water, pour in. Cover with lid or paper, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Duke Pudding. Soak 2 breakfastcupfuls of stale bread pieces in cold water, squeeze as dry as possible, beat out lumps with a fork. Add 2 tablespoonfuls fat or flaked margarine, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls any dried fruit, small teacupful grated raw carrot, 1 teaspoonful mixed spice. Stir 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda into a little milk and water (milk bottle rinsings will do) and blend well into the mixture. Spread evenly in a greased tart tin, sprinkle with a little sugar, bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve with boiled custard.

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(S.32)

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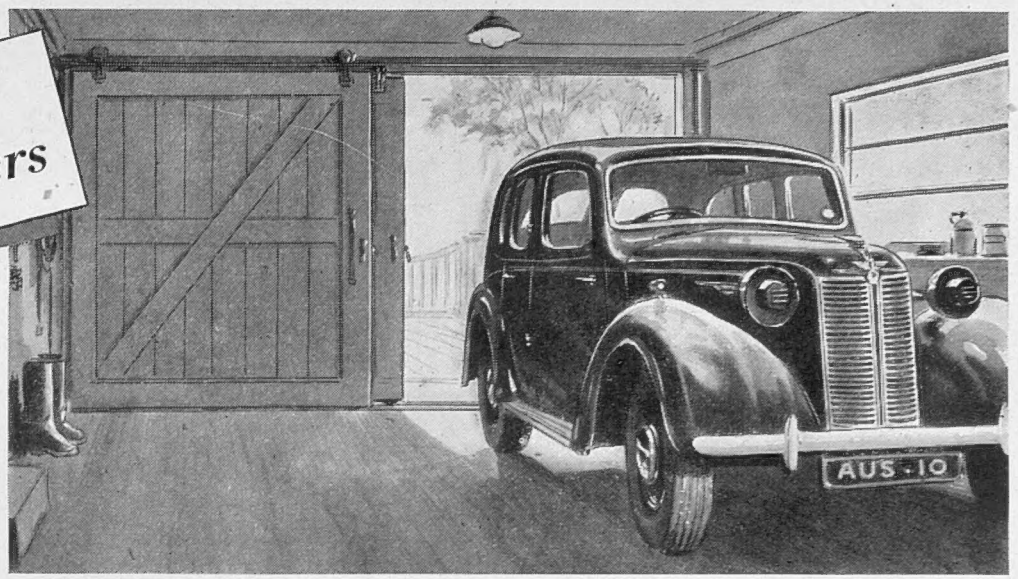

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8.I.148

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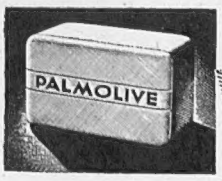

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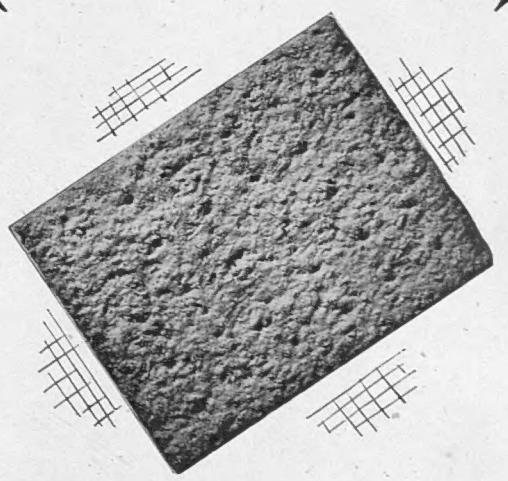

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Travers gave Hing a hard stare. "My Government would be heavily in your debt, if you could arrange to pay a visit to Hong Kong," he said quietly

Souvenir of Manila

Man's Greatest Friend can also be his Most Relentless Enemy

By Stanley Jackson

JAPANESE bombers were still dropping their loads of death where they fancied, and the dull crump of bombs could scarcely be distinguished from the heavy tread of the retreating American and Filipino forces. For hours the hot dusty streets had echoed with the pounding wheels of army lorries. Gunfire still sputtered and, now and then, a shell screamed skyward while the bombers dipped their wings in mock salute. American marines, hunchbacked under their packs, looked up from reddish sleep-haunted eyes and muttered curses.

In Oroquieta Street, the advance guards of the Jap force were systematically searching houses. From one house they dragged a young Filipino soldier and bayoneted him against the front door. They stood for a moment grinning at the body until an officer in a trench coat jerked his thumb in the direction of a big house on the corner, still burning.

Lieutenant Tenji Mitsubishi kicked down the front door and carefully side-stepped an incendiary bomb still hissing on the carpet. Revolver in hand, he moved past the reception desk and went upstairs. He needed no reminder that this had been staff headquarters of the U.S. Marines. Scraps of maps, hastily torn down, still hung ludicrously from the walls. A large ash-tray on the desk was jammed with dead cigarettes. Several wastepaper baskets were stuffed with papers. A tennis racket looked grotesque among the debris, and someone had forgotten to pack his Sam Browne belt.

The Jap was preparing to investigate the huge wall safe when he heard a whimper. He stiffened and crept stealthily from the room. He was ankle-deep in dust and masonry yet he scarcely made a sound as he walked upstairs, his lean athletic body taut with the hunter's instinct. Only a spot of red on his high cheekbones betrayed his excitement at the prospect of finishing off this American who had apparently been left behind.. Pausing only to wipe the mist from his gold-rimmed spectacles, he moved forward like a cat.

At the top of the stairs he hesitated, listening intently. His sharp ears soon picked up a scraping sound. He ran forward, kicked open the door, ducked hastily and took rapid stock of the room. A marine lay on the floor, his head slumped forward. A big tawny-coloured Alsatian squatted beside him with its paw resting on the man's shoulder.

The Jap knew instinctively that the man was dead but, taking no chances, put a bullet into his head through the ear. Before he could straighten up he felt the dog's teeth in his sleeve. He fell back, stunned by the sudden attack, and the Alsatian's savage jaws, dripping with saliva, crunched into his throat. But for the high collar of his tunic he could not have escaped alive. Even so, blood was pouring from the wound and he felt his senses swimming. The dog's furious barking shook him back to consciousness. Wild with rage and pain, he struck out blindly. His revolver caught the dog between the eyes, forcing it back. Mitsubishi got to his feet and took aim at the animal with his revolver. The bullet missed and the Alsatian shot forward. The Jap dodged the rush by inches and got to the door just as the dog was baring its teeth and crouching for another spring. He fired again, and the dog seemed to tremble but it still came at him, with yellow cruel teeth eager for the kill.

Still firing wildly behind him, the Jap ran down the stairs, two at a time, followed by the dog, its eyes yellow and glaring. There were but a few feet between them when the Jap reached the front door and rushed headlong down the street towards the lot where they had left their trucks. Had he turned to look back he could not have helped observing that the Alsatian was hurt. Some kind of animal fear-scent warned it not to follow the enemy, but a more powerful deterrent was the aching weariness that seemed of a sudden to fill its whole frame. The Jap's bullet had grazed its back, and the fur was clotted with blood. A wave of pain swept over the animal as the wound began to smart from the dust that had rubbed into the fur.

For an instant the dog seemed to hesitate, then it turned

slowly and loped off in the direction of the harbour, treading delicately where the road was blocked with dead bloated mules and trying not to step on shell fragments and spent grenades. Once or twice it grunted with pain as its paw trod into a strand of barbed wire, but it did not stop even when a cloud of flame-coloured dust enveloped its head and glass and plaster crashed from all sides.

The wound on its back was now red-frayed and pulsing with pain. All but too weak to go another yard, it was suddenly picked up in a pair of long friendly arms. The dog cringed and trembled and buried its cold nose in a sleeve of familiar khaki. Rubbing its forehead with a paw, the trembling of its frame ceased and it snuggled closer.

"Jeeze!" exclaimed the owner of the arms. "He's had a tough time. Look at its back! Take my pack for a minute, Joe."

The dog felt the caress of smooth cloth on its wound. It shivered as the iodine stung the wound, but the voices in its ears were warm and friendly and strangely familiar.

"Easy there, pal. We won't leave you in Manila."

COLONEL MANNERS coughed uncertainly. "There's only one thing more, Sir Charles," he said quietly. "This fellow, Hing, is no ordinary Chinese. As a matter of fact, he's a Balliol man and the only Oriental I know to row for Leander." He coughed again. "I mention this because—er—er—he's a bit sensitive and we treat him here as an equal."

Sir Charles Travers, head of Naval Intelligence in the Far East, nodded with a half-smile. "Of course," he said smoothly, "I quite understand. My only worry is that this is a damned tricky job, and we can't afford any accidents."

Manners looked relieved. Like most army men, he regarded intelligence officers as rather queer fish, and never knew quite how to handle them. Travers had come to Rangoon hot on the scent of information which had reached him from Hong Kong just before the Japs took over the island. The Secret Service man had told him just enough of the story to make him appreciate its importance.

To Whitehall from an agent in Hong Kong had come the report that the Japs were experimenting with a secret chemical formula which, if perfected, would deal a fatal blow at the navies of Britain and the United States. A chemist in Tokyo had apparently discovered an acid which developed a violently corrosive action when it came into contact with salt water. Quantities of this acid, strategically placed, could do far more mischief than any minefield. If our agent's story was confirmed, the acid could corrode the strongest ship's hull built, and one needed little imagination to appreciate what damage could be inflicted upon Allied warships in the Pacific before a suitable protective covering could be discovered.

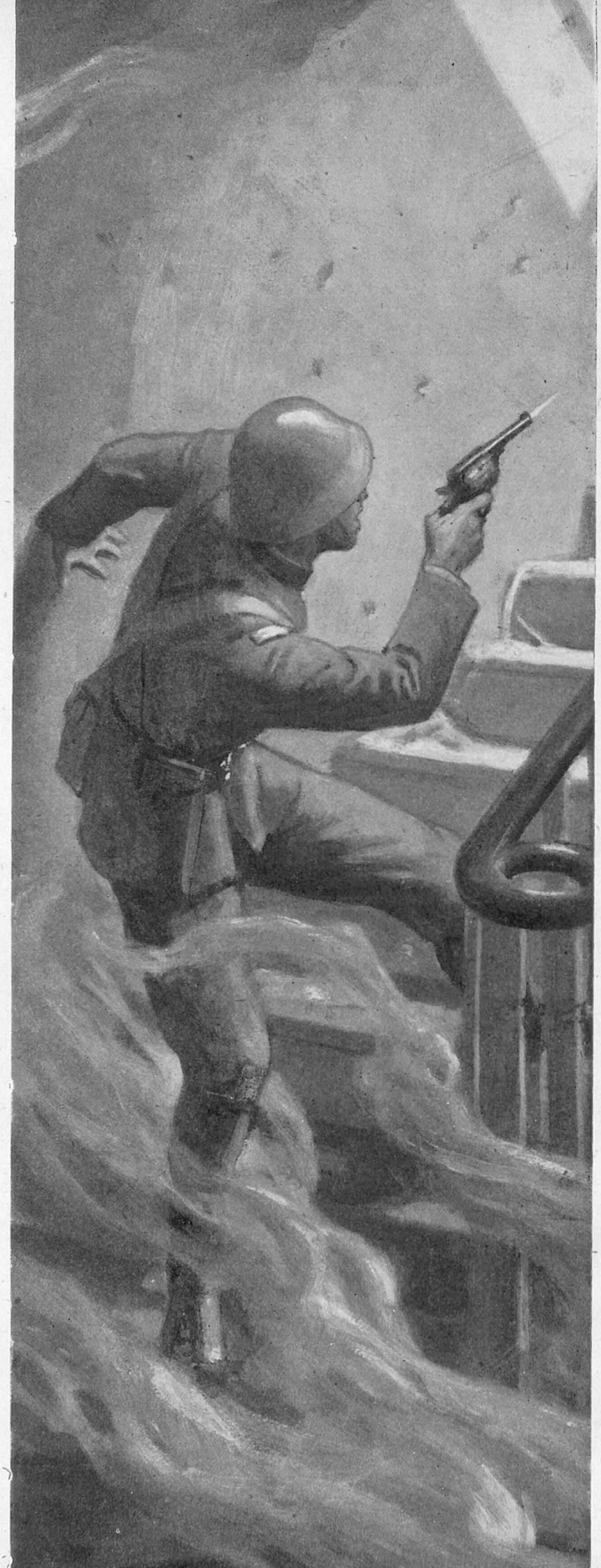
"And the next stage, I suppose, would be the use of this acid in the Atlantic," observed Manners, thinking aloud.

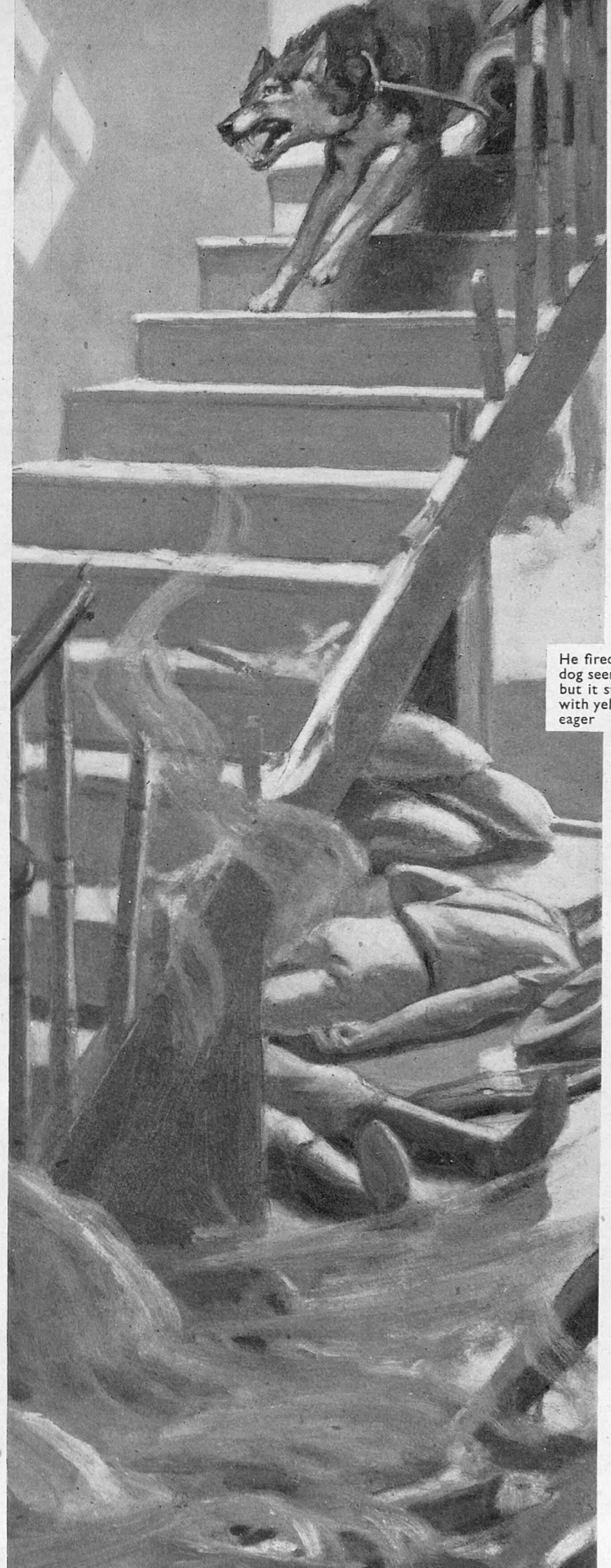
Travers nodded gloomily. "Yes. It's just what Hitler needs for a smack at our convoys." He drummed his fingers on the table. "Imagine what a mess they could make of our shipping in enclosed areas. An enemy bomber could even drop gallons of the stuff in the Channel and be off without any one being the wiser." His voice was hard and troubled. "I wish to heaven our fellow had got out of Hong Kong in time. We haven't had a word in two months."

Manners was about to say something when his orderly announced Hing. He was tall for a Chinese, and his appearance surprised Sir Charles. He was wearing a grey suit which fitted him a trifle too well. A flower nestled in his buttonhole, and a large pearl gleamed from a dark blue silk tie.

"How do you do, Sir Charles?" he said smoothly, when Manners introduced them. "I trust you find Rangoon to your taste? A little warm, perhaps, but not unbearable." He smiled his thanks when the orderly brought in a tray of drinks.

Travers looked a little doubtful but there was a reassuring smile on Manners's face. But for his confidence in the colonel's judgment he might well have hesitated before entrusting a highly confidential mission to such an obvious dandy. Hing's next words did much to dispel his doubts.





He fired again, and the dog seemed to tremble, but it still came at him with yellow, cruel teeth eager for the kill

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

"I think we have a mutual friend in John Fitzgerald," said the Chinese. "We met in Canton when I was performing a small diplomatic service for the Generalissimo."

So this man knew "Tubby" Fitzgerald of the Embassy! And Marshal Chiang Kai-shek thought him worthy of undertaking dangerous work in Canton. Then, of a sudden, a great light seemed to dawn in the back of his mind.

"I say, did you by any chance come across a compatriot of yours in Canton?" he queried. "Also an Oxford man. Wizard of a fellow called Ho Teh." He squinted sideways. "Our people thought a lot of him, I may say. Had a wonderful dog if my memory serves me."

Manners leaned forward. "Dog?" he echoed, with a ghost of a smile.

Hing inspected his finger-nails. "Gentlemen," he said softly, "let us not waste time. And thank you for the compliments to my—my friend in Canton," he added, with a bow to Sir Charles. "Incidentally, the dog is with me. I'd like you to meet him."

He went to the door, opened it a foot or two and gave a low whistle. The Alsatian nosed in, rubbed its nose against Hing's leg and shot the others what in a human would be described as a "searching look."

"Patch is studying you," laughed Hing, rubbing the Alsatian behind the left ear. He sat down and the dog sat on its haunches beside him. "And now, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

If anything were needed to convince Sir Charles of Hing's bona fides it was the dog's devotion to his master. Somewhere, at the back of his mind, he recalled stories of an Alsatian which had performed miracles during the battles in Malaya. Hadn't that dog penetrated the enemy lines dozens of times carrying messages across no-man's-land, utterly indifferent to shell fire and bombs?

He didn't seem to hear Hing's pointed question. He had kept thoroughbreds in his time, and this one was a beauty.

"How did he come by that bald patch on his back?" he asked.

"Bullet wound, I think," said Hing briefly. "At least, that's what I was told by an American soldier who gave him to me in Singapore. Apparently, he came through the siege of Manila, and the Americans took him up as a regimental pet."

Manners cleared his throat impatiently. The sooner he was shot of this Secret Service job the happier he would feel!

"I mentioned your name to Sir Charles——"

"Yes," said Travers, breaking in. "And I'm jolly grateful for the introduction, I can tell you." He gave Hing a hard stare. "My Government would be heavily in your debt if you could arrange to pay a visit to Hong Kong," he said quietly. "It's a difficult job, but it means a good deal to us—and to your country."

Hing's face did not betray the least sign of curiosity.

Without more ado, Travers told him the purpose of his visit to Rangoon. Hing said not a word throughout, but his opaque sleepy eyes did not leave the speaker's face, the while he continued to caress the Alsatian's ears.

There was a silence. Hing lit a cigarette, studied the burning end for a moment and closed his wafer-thin gold cigarette case with a click.

"Thank you, Sir Charles," he drawled. "I leave for Hong Kong at the end of this week." Travers was about to say something, but Hing went on. "You will arrange for a plane to take me to a village some 200 miles from Kowloon. It is occupied by the enemy, but I have friends there. They will assist me to complete the rest of my journey." From his casual tone he might have been an undergraduate arranging to make up a bridge four.

"Splendid," said Travers briskly. "You have all the facts?"

The Chinese nodded. "If your friend is still in Hong Kong I will arrange for his return to Rangoon."

"You can draw on me for funds, of course," said the Englishman.

Hing got up, carefully adjusting the knife-crease in his trousers.

"That will not be necessary," he said quietly; and there was a something in his tone that stopped Sir Charles from insisting.

"There's just one more matter," said Hing. "I do not travel without my dog." His smile was gentle as he stroked the Alsatian's ears. "You see, we are partners, and I think he is going to be useful to me on this little business."

When they had gone Sir Charles looked blankly at the door for a full minute. "Well, I'll be damned!" he said softly.

Manners chuckled quietly to himself. "He's a queer chap, even for a Chinaman. Bloke in the Foreign Office told me that he was sort of an unofficial travelling observer for Chiang. That's why I thought this job might be just up his alley. Apart from writing verses, he seems interested in nothing but that hound of his."

Travers lit a long dark cheroot and sipped his planter's punch thoughtfully.

"I'll be damned!" he repeated. "A Chinese poet and an old Alsatian walking into Jap-occupied Hong Kong on business that may save a couple of million tons of shipping!" His grey monkeyish face twisted into a grin. "But if he's half the bloke he was in Canton in '38 he'll find Leydon for us, somehow or other."

THERE was nothing of the dandy in Hing's appearance as he stumbled past Happy Valley Racecourse, now enclosed in barbed wire with pill-boxes bristling under the trees. He was dressed in filthy rags and his chin was scrubby with growth. He wore dark thick-lensed glasses. In one hand he held a sturdy bamboo stick which he used as a guide. A tiny button on the handle of that stick could transform it into a useful bayonet. His right hand gripped the leash to which Patch was still only partially reconciled.

Hing's stick beat a rat-tat on the cobble stones of a small courtyard. There was rage in his heart as he saw the burned-out shell of a small shrine. Only the little stone lanterns were intact. But he was obsequiousness itself when a squad of Jap troops filed by with dull dusty faces.

"Cumshaw, cumshaw," he whined, removing his battered hat. One of the men laughed and spat at him. Hing watched them go up the dusty hill to their barracks, then he tapped his way down to the depot and waited for the tram to take him down to Paddy's Market.

It had been a profitable afternoon, he decided. Now, for the first time in three weeks, something of his depression had faded. A true son of his race, he was a fatalist, but the spectacle of Hong Kong, dispirited and still stunned by the war, had saddened him. He had known the island when the great houses of the Peak twinkled with lights and the drawing-rooms echoed with laughter and music. Now the hills swarmed with Jap soldiers, and Chinese coolies were digging trenches and building gun emplacements for the protection of the hated invader.

The tram was clanking down to the centre, and he looked mournfully from the window. Hong Kong still had its characteristic smell of sweat, dust, refuse and cooking. The wooden sandals of the rickshaw boys still beat a tattoo on the cement. The gaudy banners still hung from the shops, but the squatting vendors of food, the basket weavers, the beggars and knife grinders had gone. The Japs had cleared the pavements, fearful that these jostling crowds might screen snipers and bomb throwers.

With an effort Hing wrenched his mind from the past and tried to reason out his campaign. Things had not gone smoothly; people he had known in Hong Kong had either fled to safety or been rounded up as suspects. The few who remained were terrified of helping him. Jap spies and renegade Chinese made it difficult to persuade any but the bravest to co-operate with such a well-known supporter of the Chinese Generalissimo. Now, at last, he was picking up the threads. If he had not misjudged his informant, that night should provide the link he needed.

He tapped his stick on the door of the little shop behind Paddy's Market. It was opened by a shrivelled little Chinaman with a goatee beard.

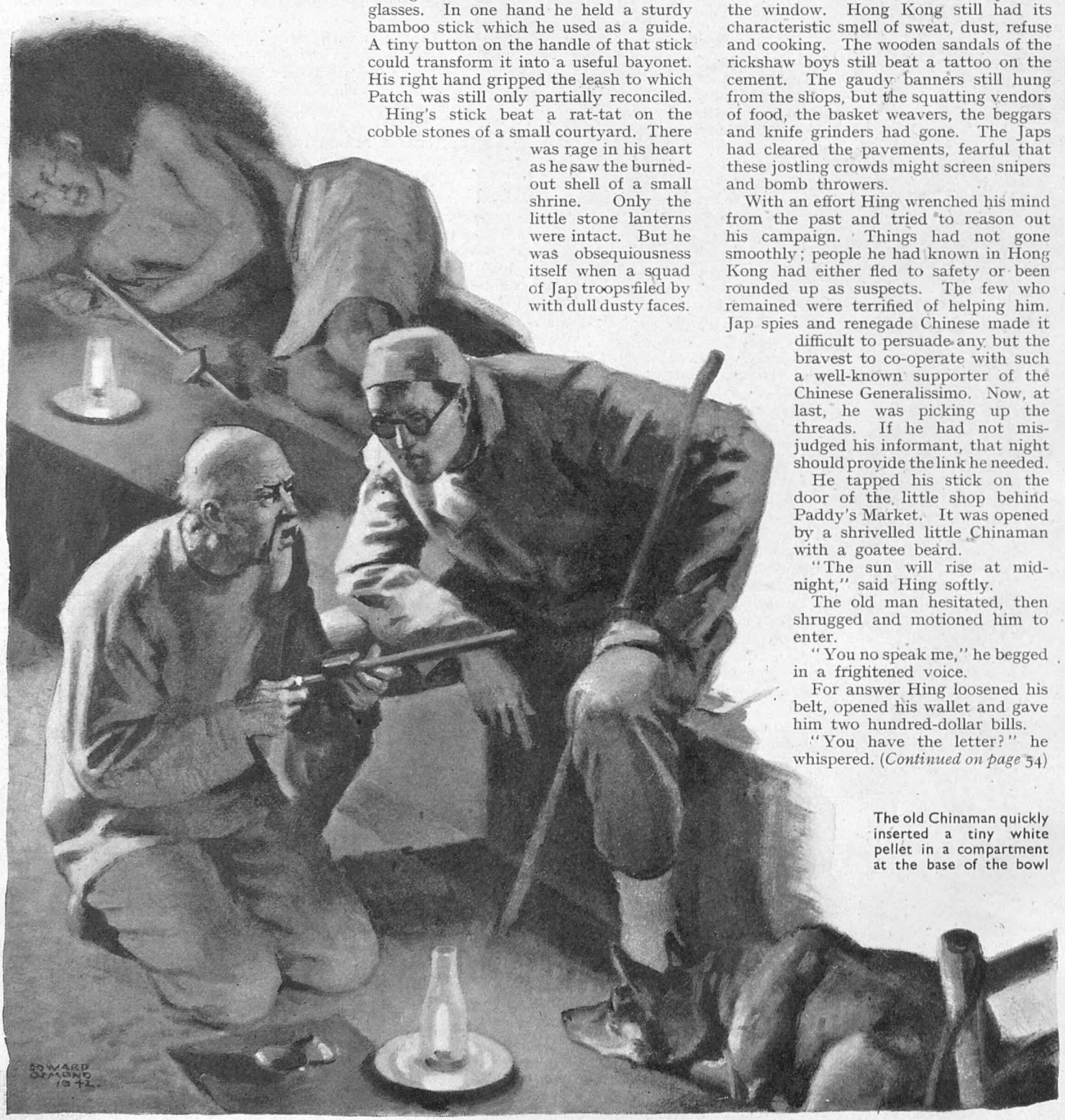
"The sun will rise at midnight," said Hing softly.

The old man hesitated, then shrugged and motioned him to enter.

"You no speak me," he begged in a frightened voice.

For answer Hing loosened his belt, opened his wallet and gave him two hundred-dollar bills.

"You have the letter?" he whispered. (*Continued on page 54*)



The old Chinaman quickly inserted a tiny white pellet in a compartment at the base of the bowl

TOMORROW—WE EAT

Wartime Experience in Food will most probably reshape our Life and Health

By

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

LAYING down the steel, I poised the broad, keen carving-knife over the roast pig and baron of beef, and looked inquiringly at Mussolini. But the Duce turned his head away. "Give me some macaroni," he said, "and don't talk to me about France. . . ."

I awoke. The London train had rumbled into a tunnel. Odd, I thought, how even when one dozes off over a book, one's mind runs on food. The compartment had emptied: a trek to the restaurant-car. But the three-pip A.T.S. girl in the farther corner had started on a package of sandwiches. Wise girl.

I was cutting lunch for two good reasons. One was that, staying in quarters in a training camp during the week (I was, by War Office permission, investigating tanks, wireless, tank weapons, tactics, and what-not), I had been eating four meals a day, and that is rather more than I normally permit myself. The other was that I had made a vow not to eat on trains again while the war lasts.

I could trace the muddled sources of my dream. My last night in mess, the carving orderly had served some eighty hungry officers from the biggest joint of beef I'd seen since rationing started. That afternoon, the P.R.I. had taken me around his piggeries, which contributed the major portion of his outside revenue for the men's institutes. "Biggest in the country," he told me with pride. "Of course, we have all the camp swill." We inspected the adjutant's pig. He was young, and I said I'd like to kidnap him before he got any older, stuff him with onion, sage, parsley, and his own giblets, bake him, dash him with white wine just before serving, and have a party for him, especially if we could dig up some Romanee for him somewhere.

AFTER tea, I had worked in my quarters on a pile of notes on the food situation in various parts of Europe. A letter on the Italian situation, from an American correspondent friend lately stationed in Rome, had been especially interesting, reminding me of an interview I had with Mussolini at the Palazzo Chigi, back in the autumn of '29, and how he had evaded questions about his alleged vegetarian diet (I know what Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill and Hitler eat, but Mussolini's diet has always baffled me: anyway, all these "top men" are very interested in their stomachs, have excellent digestions, but practically no food-and-drink tastes in common).

Finally, there had been my last after-dinner talk. It had begun with armour, shells, and engines; veered from Canadian tank-training to the difference between goose-shooting on the Arctic rim of Hudson's Bay and the Hortobagy in Hungary; and drifted away along a nostalgic tour of lost food-trails through Europe. I spoke of a Burgundian cock, with *sauté* onions and bacon, brandy-burned, and stewed with mushrooms in Chambertin and herbs. A former Reuter's man, turned gunnery instructor, asked if I knew that old five-gulden, nine-course dinner one got at the Royal in The Hague. There was melon, *hors-d'œuvre*, soup, salmon, cold meat with salad, a whole roast duckling, with pineapple and peaches, ice-cream, fresh fruits, and golden ginger.

A major with a Scots accent and Intelligence associations asked if I knew whether Borcke was still at the Adlon in Berlin. Borcke, the late Tsar's chef, rounded out his gastronomic education at the Ambassadeurs in Paris, and was making gastronomic history in the Adlon kitchen when Hitler exploded the war. We wondered if we might invade Germany over the Rhine line in autumn, when those waist-high vines on the Niersteiner hills were brown and withered-looking, solid sugar, frozen sunshine, ripe for plucking; and there was general agreement that those who say the *bosche* has contributed nothing to civilisation know not the Kesselstadt vintage Moselles from the Saar valley, let alone the estate-bottled Hessian Riesling Auslese hock, or the Prussian Steinberger Cabinet.

But while regretting the lost royal, bourgeoise and plain-folk cooking of European lands, from Sevilla to Vienna and Prague, and from Lyons to Brussels, Copenhagen and Stockholm, we agreed that one has to go a very long way to beat an English three-inch porterhouse steak, with onions and fried potatoes, and a good Burgundy to bring out the full flavour. If it is done the old Edwardian way, soaked in port for twenty-four hours, and fried in cream butter, with the onions fried slowly in butter, and the potatoes cooked Alsatian-fashion in cream, and a sauce made of the wine the meat has been soaked in, this dish can be shared with a pretty woman, without offending her by proffering "coarse" fare, or imperilling the romance—if any—of the occasion.

However, ordinary grilled steaks and common Burgundies are almost as rare and hush-hush now as that baby lamb which a celebrated and most bellicose editor told me he enjoyed with a Cabinet Minister friend and an American radio star, at a little private luncheon in the midst of one of our major war crises. It was just after he had penned one of his most vigorous "on-with-the-war" articles, demanding that we all be put on siege rations.

(*Continued on page* 61)

OTHER Springs

Decorations by Jack Matthew

Prague

Marseilles

Morocco

BEFORE setting out from New York on her travels which produced "European Spring" (1940 vintage), Claire Boothe had been much impressed by an aphorism: "These *are* the good old days." The reflection haunted her as she lived the ultimate weeks of *Sitzkrieg*, that last fatal calm, and it composed the last line in her book.

So what do you know?

If anyone had told us in the 'twenties that we were embarked upon a period which would be dubbed "the good old days," we'd have laughed the place down. Why, we were on tiptoe waving frantically to the hectic dawn! We were going to step out—and how! Leave all that old stuff behind! Snappy, ultra-modern life and methods! Good old days indeed! Didn't these refer perchance to Pickwick and the mail-coach? Or was it to the turn of the century? Yes, that was it—the turn of the century, though some people did insist on bringing the halcyon period as far forward as 1910-14.

Now here was one of the half-dozen brightest women of the day agreeing that she had been living the good old days in the 'thirties. Supposing she was right? Without going into the particular forms of hell and thunder which the morrow reserves, supposing the 'thirties did enfold positively the last of the old world—a hangover from it—and that Huxley was a bit too soon with his Brave New World whose earnest robotry and pneumatic delights would really set in only after this war? If that should prove so, then the ultimate decade, 1929-39, would go increasingly to sustain nostalgic memories in many of us. Things had happened in it, of a kind that would never happen again. The stress on people and events would be very different in the future; even the people and events themselves.

The best way to check up on that, I thought, would be to turn up the files and see to what extent the world one had just left was already beginning to date and to exhibit signs of queerness. I had the labour-saving brain-wave of investigating only spring-times, since looking up the files is a tiring and dirty job, and was encouraged at the start by the remark of a woman member of the staff: "Whenever I want to get away from this rotten time, I delve into those things."

The Easter of 1929 found me digging out material in the Vendée for an article to be called "The Tiger Sharpens His Quill." The Tiger was eighty-eight-year-old Clemenceau and he had retired to his glorified cabin below Nantes (now a museum visited by Nazis) in order to write a last book answering charges made by Foch. A "Memorial" of the Marshal, for which Foch had dictated his views on why France lost the peace, had appeared shortly before the great soldier died. The central accusation against Clemenceau was that he surrendered to Wilson and Lloyd George on the capital issue of France's retention of the left bank of the Rhine, and now the Tiger sat down to prove that he had done his utmost and that to have persisted would have been to wreck the whole Conference, French hopes included. But what got the old boy on the raw was his conviction that Foch's gunning had always derived from the fact that he, Clemenceau, was a pagan. "Did I consider what his beliefs were when I fetched him from Limoges (the shelf) and gave him the command?" rasped the old Tiger that Easter day.

He was now a worn-out Tiger propped up on cushions and sipping coffee after coffee to keep from drowsing. But his pen scratched on, and he seemed to draw vigour from contemplating Japanese symbols of virility which flew in his garden, reaching down to the ocean sands. He had kept those weird and highly-coloured shapes flying since 1921. He used to be full of Japan ("a virile race you'll hear from"), and would compliment me on having a Japanese name—having once called me "Tuoki," he stuck to it.

"The poor old fellow," grieved Albert, the valet-*cum*-everything, "he's killing himself this time and he, a doctor, knows it." And it was so. The Tiger's last book was published in the summer, and in the autumn he was dead.

The following April I was on jobs in Czechoslovakia and Austria. Looking

Times

Some Nostalgic Memories— Pleasant and Unpleasant

By Ferdinand Tuohy

back, there were only five bright years between 1919 and 1939, and they ran from Locarno in 1925 until the beginnings of the world slump began to manifest themselves in Europe in 1930. Those were the years when this war might have been avoided by an intelligent sharing as between victors and vanquished. But the contemporary pillars of the ruling Anglo-American world, Coolidge and Baldwin, bleated respectively of "eternal prosperity" and of "safety first," and the opportunity slipped for ever.

That spring-time provided me with the only experience I ever had of a gay Vienna. The buildings were running to seed, but sunshine was returning to hearts in the Prater and the Wienerwald. Money was circulating; a new Vienna was arising on the outskirts (later to be bombarded by Dollfuss); the easygoing Viennese were dancing and singing. For the last time, as it happened, since the following year the Credit Anstalt collapsed, and with it, gradually, Austria.

But concerning those jobs of early 1930—one was visiting Batá at Zlin and the other was trying to extract memoirs from Käti Schratt in Vienna. Batá, who was killed not long after, when his 'plane fell on his office, was just then all worked up on a scheme "to make Hindus foot-conscious," as he put it in his Kansas twang. Why should tens of millions continue barefooted when he could fit them out at sixpence a pair? When I suggested that they probably preferred the ancestral method, he swept the notion aside. Wells, Capek, Huxley, Réné Clair—each hovered over Tomas Batá's stupendous factory-town whose canteen meals were gulped to special galloping music, and where card indexes were kept of how late girls stayed out, and with whom.

Old Käti, octogenarian former friend of Franz-Joseph, had put one over on me years before in Paris, where she stayed for three weeks as the guest of my paper, ostensibly unsequestering her letters, from which she promised a book. Now she was bedridden and didn't want money any more. All she wanted was to gaze out on the Gloriette at Schönbrunn, where, fourteen years before, she had closed the old Emperor's eyes. A pity about obstinate Käti, for she had a slap-up yarn in her of the last of "Blue Danube" Vienna, whose toast she had been.

What more delicious spring climate than Tunisia's? One of the gems of being a Continental free lance was that one could send oneself where one chose. The financial productivity of a trip was your banquet or funeral, as the case might be. So one naturally chose as far as possible places where the climate was seasonally congenial. For example, one kept right out of thawing Switzerland in spring-time, and out of thawing highlands generally. Time enough for them in summer. Also, spring-time is one of the least reliable periods on the Riviera, whose best bets (for all tastes) are September-October, June and January. But to resume: in 1931 Mussolini was already making noisy passes at France's Tunis. Flying from Palermo, there was an escape of fumes in the cabin, and we were all comatose on splashing on to the Lake of Tunis. The now historic Sicilian Narrows had been crossed in a haze (ours, not the weather), but in any case we should not have paid much attention. Would not the Narrows always be safe for the Democracies as long as France held Bizerta?

Expatriates from Montparnasse sang the praises of (*Continued on page* 52)

Tunisia

Copenhagen

Brussels

Paris

Stone *versus* Timber

Delightful Examples of the Country Cottage

By M. Lovett Turner

AFTER the unprecedented exodus from town to country during the first terrible months of the war, many have found—to their dismay—that a country cottage is far from being the ideal home of their dreams. Ceilings are low and apt to scatter flakes of whitewash over town-coiffured heads; doorways were made for the small in stature, causing many a bump and consequent headache. Fireplaces seem designed to spurt smoke in any direction save up the chimney; floors produce an unwholesome veil of mould if left unswept for more than twenty-four hours, while windows, though undoubtedly picturesque, either allow all the winds from heaven to creep through, or refuse to open in the mildest weather. Thatched roofs harbour more refugees than the friendly sparrow that chirps his alarm clock at dawn over sleepy heads, and the sanitation—well, that is better not discussed!

But there are cottages and small country houses that approach very near to the realisation of our dreams, chiefly in the stone-building counties, or in the districts where once forest land abounded. It is in the latter parts that one must seek the beautiful half-timbered houses that were built as a fitting background for farthingale and stiffened ruff of Elizabethan England.

One of the simplest and earliest forms of a half-timbered building is to be seen in the ancient house adjoining the Norman church at Westham, near Pevensey. Here there is little more than their own width of plaster between the vertical wooden posts. The overhanging upper story rests on the massive beams of its own floor—both a useful and picturesque arrangement, for it shields the lower walls from damp and gives extra space to the rooms above.

A more ambitious example of this early black and white work is the famous Booth Hall, at Evesham, where the slightly top-heavy effect is enhanced by the amusing little shelters of tiling placed over the top-story windows.

Later Tudor work produced less timber and larger spaces, the timber being placed at different angles, forming a geometrical pattern. Later still the panels were elaborately moulded, with richly carved corner posts. A simple example showing the transitional movement towards ornate Elizabethan building is the little house at Tewkesbury, before which the village pump still retains its usefulness—improving both the figure of the water-carrier and the (*Continued on p.* 64)

1. A row of beautiful half-timbered houses at Warwick

2. The famous Booth Hall, at Evesham. An ambitious example of early black and white work

3. A little house at Tewkesbury, before which the village pump still retains its usefulness

4. The entrance to Frocester Court, near Gloucester. Both stone and timber live contentedly together

5. A lovely old house, typical of the Cotswold country, at Cromhall, Gloucestershire

6. Curious house built in the rocks facing the sea at Porthcarno on the Cornish coast, near Land's End

By Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

With a frenzy of neighings and thunder of hoofs the entire troop went from that jetty as if it was an accursed spot

Sailors Can Ride

Hospitality—not two-handed but four-legged

"CAPTAIN'S compliments, sir, and will you speak to him at once."

Lieutenant Tony Twinberro yawned and looked at his watch. Two-thirty on a hot summer's afternoon; Saturday, too, when all on board H.M.S. *Empire* were supposed to be enjoying a well-earned "make and mend."

His conscience began to trouble him. What crime amongst the hundreds that he had committed had been unearthed by the "old man"?

The reader must not suppose that Tony had ever done anything to merit the term criminal; it was only that he was young and high-spirited and found the numerous rules and regulations of naval discipline a trifle too hedging at times.

He experienced the same sensation as a schoolboy does when summoned to an interview with the head. Fearful of the worst and hopeful for the best, he reached the captain's cabin, knocked and entered.

Captain Armstrong looked up from his desk as he entered.

"Ah, Twinberro—this report you have sent in on last week's exercises is—very interesting——"

Tony breathed a prayer of relief.

"Or rather," went on the captain, "it would be if I could read a word of your handwriting."

Tony cancelled the prayer. "Spiders," said the captain, "large ones with great hairy legs, dipped in ink appear to have indulged in amorous pastimes on this paper."

Tony grinned appreciatively at the captain's command of English and grunted to show contrition.

"They tell me," continued the captain, "that the handwriting of great men is frequently illegible—in that case, Twinberro, you are destined for the highest possible place in the halls of fame—take it away and get it typed, there's a good chap."

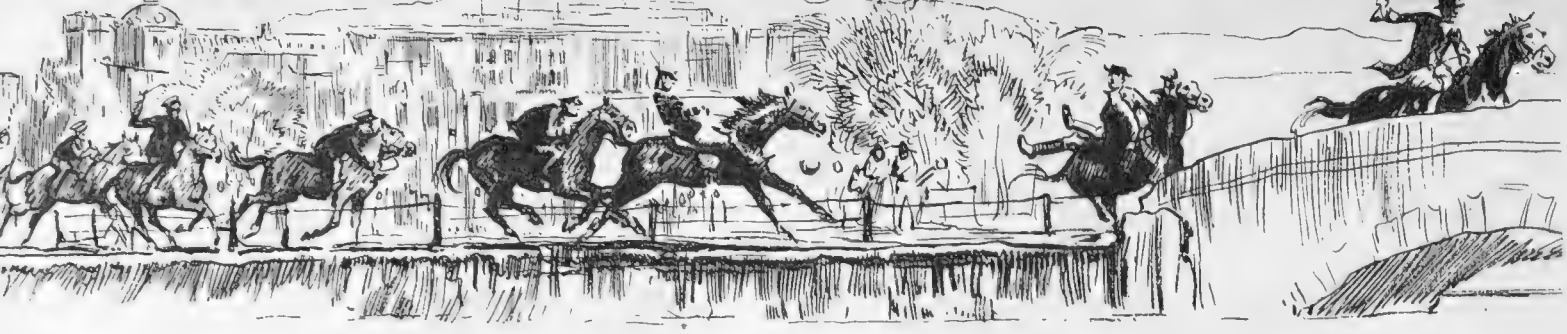
Tony grabbed the offending papers and started for the door.

"Oh, by the way," the captain's voice recalled him, "I asked you to write to the British Consul at San Sorrento and thank him for his offer to provide as many horses as the officers required for daily riding exercise, and to say that seven horses would be greatly appreciated."

"Yes, sir—that's right, sir. I wrote all right."

"You certainly did, Mr. Twinberro; I have the consul's reply: seventeen horses loaned by the Carmanian Army will be brought to the jetty daily for your officers. It is a great surprise and a source of gratification to the general that so many of your officers are equestrians, and he hopes to be able to join them in their daily exercise."

Tony scratched his nose. "I distinctly said seven, sir," he protested.



The story of that mad stampede through the streets of the town will never be fully told

"Distinctly, Mr. Twinberro?"

"Well, sir, I thought——"

"It would appear," interrupted his captain severely, "that your writing is likely to lead us all into difficulties. Since your letter has been interpreted in the way it has, it is now up to you to raise the necessary horsemen—we musn't disappoint the general."

"Aye, aye, sir," Tony replied stiffly and went out, leaving a highly-diverted commanding officer who watched his retreating form with a twinkle of mischief in his eye.

The horse occupies a peculiar position in the minds of naval officers. There are two distinct schools of thought on the subject. The one subscribes to the theory that horsemanship is an essential part of an officer's make-up—the hall mark of gentility—the proof of a country-bred existence and a certain avenue towards promotion. The other (and this consists of the majority of present-day officers) regards the horse as a highly-inefficient and eccentric means of transport and those who cultivate the equestrian art as being for the most part animated by sordid thoughts of self-advertisement.

There is a third and minor school which looks on the horse as it was intended to be regarded by nature—just a quadruped who will give you a good ride if you know how. (This is a very small school indeed.)

When Tony was set the task of producing seventeen riders from amongst the wardroom and gunroom officers of H.M.S. *Empire*, he was under no illusions as to the magnitude of his task. He made his plans carefully and decided to tackle the gunroom first. If he were to handle the sub-lieutenant in charge of all the midshipmen properly, he could fill the vacancies without much trouble, but all these things require tact.

He decided to dine in the gunroom that night and so, on meeting the sub in the dog-watches, he thanked him warmly for his invitation and vanished before the sub could think of a suitable rejoinder.

That evening Tony put on a clean shirt and a pleasant smile and arrived in the gunroom, where the sub, regretfully saying goodbye to what was left of his wine-bill, proceeded to do him proud.

Tony was a cheerful soul and the atmosphere of the gunroom was soon raised to one of extreme hilarity. With consummate skill he brought the subject round to that nearest his heart for the moment and soon had the midshipmen vieing with each other in their tales of derring-do on horseback. A word to the sub and the job was accomplished. Nine junior officers who had, on their own showing, been in the saddle before were persuaded to volunteer before ordinary reason prevailed. This left but eight saddles to be filled and the ward-room volunteers would fill all but three of the vacancies.

Not so bad for an evening's work, including a free dinner. Tony turned in well satisfied.

TONY approached the second task of getting further horsemen from the wardroom with extreme diffidence. In his first beat-up he had, as it were, hardened the position; people had taken sides. The few horsemen anxious to get mounts had been the subjects of much ribaldry from the other members of the mess. It seemed hopeless to expect any one to transfer his affections at this stage.

His first attempt to arouse interest was a failure. He had approached the first lieutenant with a mild lie.

"The captain wants the mess to put up three more chaps for the horse exercise at San Sorrento," he ventured.

The first lieutenant snorted.

"Include me out of it. Horses are all right for a very few. I'd rather have me promotion on me merits."

Tony went away.

That evening he tried another tack.

"Don't you think it would be rather a good thing to make up a big party at San Sorrento? There are unlimited horses available?"

This to the gunnery officer.

"I mistrust unlimited horses," said guns gravely, "I'm strictly in favour of limiting their activities to circus rings and race meetings, and what's this about parties?"

Tony explained patiently from the beginning.

"Not me," said guns. "Try torps—more in his line than mine."

Torps listened with a far-away look in his eye and in the midlde of Tony's speech walked away.

"Excuse me—got to see a man about a torpedo."

The marine officer was the next on Tony's list. He was suspicious-minded by nature and the mention of horses set his hackles bristling.

"I'm a little tired of hoary jokes about horse-marines—look here, young Twinberro, I should run away if I were you, there's a good chap."

Tony took the hint. On his way aft he met the chaplain.

"Hallo, padre, just the chap I wanted to see," he began boisterously.

The chaplain waxed mildly sarcastic.

"I am deeply flattered my dear Tony—I had no idea I was so sought after—what do you want me to do this time?"

Tony ignored the last part of the speech.

"I've ordered a horse for you at San Sorrento—all right?"

One more hero was found, horse and all, inside a vegetable shop

Illustrated by

"A horse—what should I do with a horse?"

"Ride it," said Tony.

"Well, that's nice of you; is there anything to pay?"

"No; it's all free."

"In that case I'll be delighted to ride it."

Tony was very surprised but went on his way rejoicing.

S. Tresilian

Only two more required; that is if he left himself out. He had ridden before but never had he succeeded in feeling what is usually described as thoroughly at home in the saddle. If all else failed, however, he was prepared to sacrifice himself for the common weal. And so it had to be. Try as he would, he could find no other victims. Except for a slight feeling of uneasiness on his own account, however, he was pretty well pleased. All saddles filled except one.

On the evening before H.M.S. *Empire* sailed from Bermuda for the Central American port of San Sorrento, the captain sent for his staff officer.

"Ah, Mr. Twinberro," he said, "have you got your seventeen riders?"

"Sixteen, sir," replied Tony, "and one for you makes the number up."

The captain bit his lip.

"Thank you for your kind consideration, Twinberro, but I shall definitely not be riding."

Tony cast a reproachful glance at the captain. "No, sir?"

"No."

"I had already forwarded your name as being one of the party."

The captain gave a wicked chuckle.

"In your own handwriting?"

"Yes, sir."

"In that case no action is necessary—the consul won't be able to decipher the letter before we arrive."

Tony left the presence. "Nasty, sarcastic bloke, the owner," he told himself. "Surprised at him."

A few days later H.M.S. *Empire* steamed majestically into the Carmanian port of San Sorrento and was secured alongside the main wharf with that absence of fuss that distinguishes the British Navy from its competitors. There were the usual courtesy visits and calls between representatives of the two nations.

TONY spent the first evening in harbour, whipping up the enthusiasm of tomorrow's equestrians. He experienced a very mixed response to his propagandist activities. The gunroom was nervously enthusiastic, but those wardroom officers who had allowed themselves to be persuaded had by now regretted their actions and were, for the most part, definitely hostile, the exceptions being the horsey fraternity and the chaplain who beamed with delighted anticipation of the pleasures in store for him.

The morning came bright and windy. It was the breeze which woke our hero—a breeze laden with the sounds and smells of horses. Saddle-soap and sweat, stamping hoofs and clinking bits.

Tony raised himself from his bunk and poked his head out of his port hole. What he saw gave him quite a shock.

The whole jetty was seething with men and horses.

For a moment he wondered whether there had been yet another error in deciphering his caligraphy; then, as he began to count, the multitude dwindled to its proper proportions. There were thirty odd horses and half that number of grooms—coffee-coloured Simians who appeared to the onlooker to be chiefly occupied in preventing their charges from biting each other's tails off.

The horses were a queer lot, raw-boned and rangy, with a habit of swivelling their ears in a manner reminiscent more of mules than the higher species.

As he looked on the restless, squealing mob, Tony for the first time felt qualms. These were not the troop horses that allowed their riders to blow trombones or shoot rifles between their ears—these were nervous cat-like brutes who looked as if they would take to the air if their riders so much as sneezed. Moreover, the cool of the morning air seemed to be making them impatient and fidgety. The sooner they were mounted, the better it would be for the riders. He hastily turned out, pulled on an old pair of jodhpurs and a pullover and went off to rouse his fellow-equestrians, whistling under his breath to keep his spirits up.

The gunroom were of course all ready and stood on the quarter-deck, nervously surveying the agitated animals and joking with dry little smiles of trepidation.

The wardroom officers, needless to say, were all fast asleep. Before he woke each one, Tony tactfully pulled his scuttle curtains. It would not be wise, he reflected, to allow any one just awakened to see that mob on the jetty.

With much grumbling and ill-nature, the unwilling victims allowed themselves to be fed with tea and propelled to the upper deck; even the horsey fraternity were not at their best before breakfast. It was half an hour before the last of them turned up.

When grouped together on the quarter-deck they formed the strangest band of dismounted cavalry ever seen since the capture of the last (*Continued on page* 48)

The ambulance cases were not very seriously hurt

A trio of the screen's new comedians who all appear in the film *Panama Hattie*. Left to right : Rags Ragland, Red Skelton and Ben Blue. Centre: Red Skelton and Rags Ragland (in chauffeur's uniform) with Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey in a scene from *Whistling in the Dark*. Red Skelton migrated to films from the circus and his first success on the screen was in *Having Wonderful Time*

The Screen's

The Comics are Coming

Robert Benchley, writer, actor, screen star and wit, here seen wearing his famous bowler hat. Appeared in *You'll Never Get Rich*, with Fred Astaire

TO-DAY, more than ever before, laughter is a tonic we all need. That dear old bromide about the moment never failing to produce the man is doing itself justice, in full measure, where laugh-makers are concerned. Not for years has the screen offered so many clowns for our entertainment. Not for years have we beheld so many side-splitters, most of them comparatively new in the picture field.

America is holding its sides, to-day, over the 1942 version of Laurel and Hardy, in the shape of Messrs. Abbott and Costello. Unknown a year ago, except to vaudeville audiences, they are a real riot in films; a pair of Zanies who know what makes an average audience double up with mirth. Bob Hope, one of the most dynamic personalities to hit the screen for many moons, is now at the top of his fame. Twelve months ago he was only starting to show film audiences that he was just as funny on the screen as on the air.

Red Skelton is one of those new comics who are dubbed by studios a "sleeper." That word is used for a film that is made without any idea it will be a smash hit; and then grosses millions at the box office. The same with a player. Nobody thinks so much of him, or of her; just another somebody under contract, playing small roles. Then—zing—wham—wallop! —something happens, suddenly, and the unimportant player becomes a star overnight. That is what happened to "Red" Skelton, who is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's bright hope, where comedians are counted.

Then take a look—several, probably—at the benign and beaming features of Mr. Robert Benchley; Bob Benchley, famous as a wit, a raconteur, a humorist, a writer, and an eater. If Mr. Benchley fails to make you laugh, see a doctor or an oculist without delay. There must be something seriously wrong with you. Watch his inspired work in the newest Fred Astaire opus — *You'll Never Get Rich*, and admit that you are beholding some gems of comedy, in celluloid form.

There is a new face peering over the billboards and electric light signs; the intelligent, alert countenance of Mr. Cliff Nazarro. Not to be confused with Mr. Ramon Novarro, please. Cliff Nazarro is the little man who is known throughout the studios as "Mr. Swivel-Tongue." That was the name of his character in the above-mentioned Astaire comedy, in which he indulged in some of his richest and most unintelligible double-talk.

Cliff Nazarro starts talking to somebody, quite clearly; you get the first three words, and then, though he goes on talking in exactly the same tone, you realise that you are straining to hear what he is really saying. Then it dawns on you that he is not saying a word! Not an intelligible word, that is to say. It is grand fun, and he does it with a perfectly straight face—the "Dead Pan" made famous by Charlie Chaplin, in some of his most fantastic silent comedy situations.

There is Ray Bolger, a man who is funny with his face, his voice, and his legs, all at once or singly. Which seems to make him something quite exceptional in comics—which he is, apart from the fact that he hit the news with a big bang when he was known to be one of the few people who played golf with the Duke of Windsor during his last visit to the United

Virginia O'Brien, a new comic who stunned the customers on Broadway with her performance in a revue, *Meet the People*. Went to Hollywood and has now a nice contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is seen in a scene from *Lady Be Good*, with Red Skelton

Cliff Nazarro (centre) another of the screen's new comedians, indulges in some of his famous double-talk to the amazement of John Barrymore and Ricardo Cortez in a scene from *World Première*

New Clowns

on Laughter Bent

By Margaret Chute

States. Ray Bolger has been in Hollywood before; danced a bit, clowned a lot, and went back to Broadway. Now he is going back to the screen, which is cause for rejoicing and back-patting.

There is Rags Ragland, a wild fool of a fellow, who is a musical comedy player, and who went to Hollywood after making a wow of a hit in *Panama Hattie* on Broadway, in 1940. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought

Ray Bolger who gets laughs with his feet, his voice, and his face. He is one of the most brilliantly funny dancers to be seen on stage or screen

Bob Hope is acclaimed as one of the greatest laugh-makers of to-day. Here he is seen in one of the disguises he uses in his latest film *Louisiana Purchase*. The nostalgic song, "Thanks for the Memory," was the thing that put him in the money, in pictures. He has made twelve since then, and will make many more

Marjorie Main also takes a high place among the new-comers who are busy amusing a war-time world. She is seen above with Wallace Beery and Leo Carillo in a scene from *Barnacle Bill*

the screen rights of that show they felt Rags Ragland had better repeat his performance of a rollicking, rowdy sailor, on the screen.

Two of the fairer sex take high places in this list of new comics who are busy amusing a war-torn world. One is Marjorie Main, of the steel-file-scraping-on-iron voice; the other is Virginia O'Brien, a youngster who jumped to fortune as a "Dead Pan" singer in a small revue staged in Hollywood last year called *Meet the People*. Virginia went to Broadway with the show, and stunned the customers there, just as she had done in California. When the revue came to an end she returned to Hollywood—with a nice, juicy contract to work for M-G-M.

Since Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are the comedy sensations of the day, let us take time to talk about them before the rest of the comic gang. Abbott is the "straight man" of the pair. Like Chesney Allen is to Bud Flanagan, so he is to plump little Lou Costello, who is always getting himself into some form of trouble or other. Their partnership began in 1930; but it was only in 1938 that they ever had any money in the bank—if you can believe their own story.

They clown so much, and so spontaneously, that it is difficult to know when they are telling the truth; not that it matters, because (*Continued on page* 46)

No Greater Fury

To be Avenged, no Task is too Dangerous to a Woman Scorned

By Arthur Mills

THE German officer sat at his desk in the Paris office of the Nachrichten Abteilung examining cards in a long drawer which he had pulled out as far as it would go; now and again he removed a card and placed it in a tray along with others. He worked carefully, taking the cards as they came in alphabetical order and reading everything that was written on them. He had been at the task all the morning; it was now getting towards evening; orders had been given that the selection of those to be executed was to be done personally by a field officer and that no name was to be included unless there was proof that the individual had been engaged in subversive activities. As the Nachrichten Abteilung had charge of all counter-espionage in France, theirs was the proper office to furnish the names, but the German major felt he had been put upon in the matter, for his proper department was III A, dealing with offensive espionage. The lieutenant, working under the officer in charge of III B, who was on leave, should have been detailed for the work; but it had been laid down that the names were to be selected by a field officer.

Shortly after six, the major had chosen the fifty names; he rang for his clerk, gave him the cards and told him to type out a list, in triplicate. "When you have made out the list, destroy the cards; they will not be needed again," the major said.

The clerk saluted: "This has just come from Berlin, sir"—he handed the major a telegram. "It is to be deciphered by yourself, personally."

The major took the telegram, sure that it was about an agent, for these telegrams were always so prefixed! When he was alone he decoded the message and his greyish brown face showed exasperation. He got up, helped himself from a box of confiscated Havana cigars, and walked up and down the room. The order he had received was to have an agent ready to leave for England during the night of January 2–3; further instructions would follow. The agent must be absolutely reliable.

Reliable! thought the major, flinging the looted cigar into the grate. Did those pigs and fools in Berlin think that reliable agents were plentiful!

To-day was January 1, the agent had to be sent over the following night. Obviously, he would have to be dropped;

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

She sat down a foot or two away from him. She did not speak: he could see the struggle going on in her mind

there was no other way of sending one at such short notice. This method was getting very unpopular. Towards the end of 1941 the British Press had announced that eight spies, some landed by parachute, had been caught and executed. Apart from this the spy world has its own news bureau; agents get to know which of their colleagues have been captured, also that certain assignments mean probable death. In January, 1942, to be ordered to land in England by parachute was scheduled as cemetery work. The country was so small, so thickly populated; there were so many people on the look out.

Reviewing the agents he had available, the major could not think of one who would go willingly. Like air pilots, spies cannot be compelled to serve. Criminals and political offenders have been released on condition they undertake missions in enemy country; some pretend to start out but do not go at all, others go and give themselves up; a few, if the task is easy, carry it out but fail on their next assignment; none are reliable.

The major knew that for this work he must have a fearless, willing man. Who was there he could ask? The bravest of spies is always tormented by the fear of being captured.

The major looked at his watch; it was now 7 p.m. The agent's instructions were being flown from Berlin; he would know by 8 p.m. what the job was.

Having decided practically nothing, the major put his cap on and went out to a café. The café, in the Boulevard Montparnasse, had a clientele of journalists, pro-Vichy French officials, and a curious straggling remnant of its original habitués, writers, painters, models, all either French citizens or belonging to pro-Axis or neutral states.

SINCE the fall of France neither painters nor writers had been able to earn a living, so the remnant that used this café either had private means or other sources. Some of the girls had a sort of dishevelled prettiness and lived on this.

The major had carefully foreseen the possibilities these girls offered, and had kept one in his mind particularly. She was a German Swiss, pretty and much cleaner looking than the rest. She had come to Paris to marry an American; things went wrong; the American went back to his country and she had not heard from him again.

Unwilling to go home she had used her knowledge of French, English, and German to get a job. Most of the girls in Montparnasse had a hard-luck story. In Helga's case—that was her name—the major was able to verify the tale through colleagues at Geneva. He received a report that the story was basically true; the girl had been engaged to a young American staying in her father's hotel, and she had followed her fiancé to Paris against her parents' wishes. At this point the facts differed from those Helga had given. The truth was that the American boy had tried to get a visa to take her with him to America, failed and had gone off alone. Helga could have gone back to her family, but had not chosen to return; she had got herself a job with a firm in Paris. Here she had stayed, believing her fiancé would come back to Europe. Had he not promised to! Weeks passed; she drifted into the café life of Montparnasse; now and again she took up with a man for a short time; they were always Germans, usually boys from the Luftwaffe. In this way she quickly attracted the suspicious attention of the counter-espionage department.

They checked on her, as the major did later. They found her parents were a respected German Swiss family, hotel-keepers, anti-Nazi politically, but more sympathetic to Germany than Britain. The parents were bitter against the American youth who, according to information, was just a good-natured boy with a gay heart. The climax came when the last American

The tobacconist, an elderly man with white hair, took the case, looked at the signature in Japanese characters, and then looked at Helga: "How many cigarettes do you want?" he inquired

ship that came to Lisbon carrying mail brought a letter for Helga from the American boy; this told her that he had married. "We are going into this war," he wrote, "and I'm joining up as a pilot. I may not have a long life so don't feel sore about me. We had some happy days."

At the time the letter came Helga had become a café friend of the major's, sufficiently intimate to have told him all about herself. They were not lovers; he was too old for her. The evening she showed him the letter she spoke quietly; but there was rage in the measured way she spoke. "That he should do that! After——" She stopped.

This had happened a month ago. Since then the major had used her in a discreet way; he would ask her to get to know certain people who came to the café and learn their opinions. He had never admitted who he was. He was just a German officer to her, but she probably guessed why he wanted to know things. Once he had arranged a permit for her to go to Vichy to try to find out about her fiancé; she had come back with quite good information collected from a visiting American; nothing of military value, but useful. After this he catalogued her as a good potential agent; she was pretty, clever and a linguist; also she was ski-ing champion of her canton.

Now, on this evening as he joined Helga at the café and the waiter came with the menu that was only shown to German officers, the major looked at her and thought: The British don't shoot women. Here was the solution if he dared. There was a risk. The whole set up had the makings of a plant. Her arrival in Paris, the defaulting American, the letter that had come from him just before America entered the war. Her own behaviour. Why did she always encourage him to sit with her at the café? Before he decided anything he must know what she had to do. It would be insensate to send her off unless he was certain the instructions contained in the sealed envelope that was coming by air were instructions that a woman could carry out.

"Please excuse me a moment," he got up. "Order both of us some wine — that Chambertin that you like."

In the telephone booth the major spoke to his confidential clerk; he instructed the clerk to bring to him at the café a letter which he expected would arrive at any moment by air from Berlin. It depended on what the instructions were that were coming from Berlin, the major thought, as he came back from the telephone. Even if he was certain of her loyalty, the job might be a man's. The waiter was laying their plates when he returned.

"Have you ever flown?" he asked Helga.

"As a passenger," she said.

"You've never had to bale out?"

"No, thank heaven!" She pretended to shiver.

"I shouldn't like to throw myself into the sky thousands of feet above the earth," the major agreed.

"I could if I knew I was going to be killed if I didn't. I suppose one could only break one's leg and one can do that ski-ing," Helga said.

From the way she spoke he could tell she would have the nerve; the wine waiter came with the burgundy, filled their glasses, and withdrew. French waiters rarely asked German officers if the wine was to their liking. The table waiter followed with the first course. Helga watched him lift the lid from a dish of cutlets, ringed with potatoes, mushrooms and tomatoes; she could not get this sort of food if she went to a restaurant alone.

"I'm hungry," she said. She had the rosy cheeks of a mountain girl and the sturdiness.

Her health and strength were assets, the major thought; her accent was a drawback; he had heard her talking English to an American journalist before they all left France; he wondered what she could do about this; she might say she was a Belgian refugee; he could give her papers that would cover that; the papers would not be of any use if she became a suspect, nothing would. A suspected agent was useless anyway.

She emptied her first glass of burgundy quickly; he refilled the glass.

"Like it?" he asked.

She nodded, taking up the full glass. He wondered how (*Continued on page* 65)

Old Tales Re-told

Captain Cook and the Children of the Sun

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

THE islands of the Pacific—when it really was the Pacific Ocean—dotted all over that immense expanse of water, have always had a great appeal to adventurous youth. Owing to the difficulties of navigation and the vast distances between continents, it is only comparatively recently that these islands have been discovered. Although the Spaniards lay claim to the honour, it was really Captain James Cook who was responsible for their discovery. This indomitable British explorer contributed a great deal to the knowledge of the Southern Coast in general, and the Pacific in particular.

Captain James Cook wearing the uniform in which he was killed on the morning of February 14, 1779

Up to 1778 Cook had already spent ten years exploring the Pacific. He was responsible for the circumnavigation of New Zealand, charting of the coasts and annexing Australia to the British Empire; and he extended his travels to the verge of the Antarctic, where he was stopped by a sea of ice. He undertook a third voyage, with the object of finding a passage from the Pacific round the north coast of America; and it was then that he came upon another group of islands which, in honour of the man who was head of the Admiralty, he called the Sandwich Islands.

These islands looked to the keen eyes of his crew like a family of ducks peacefully swimming in single file, the biggest one in front, raising its head high above the level of the sea. Their position was noted on a chart for the time being. Later, Captain Cook having been stopped again by an impenetrable barrier of ice in the Behring Sea, he returned there for the winter, the climate being the nearest approach to perfection that this world can offer.

COOK was in command of two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. In contrast to his reception in New Zealand, Australia and other places, Cook was received by the natives with demonstrations of friendship. The hospitality shown to him and his men surpassed even the most sanguine expectations. He had chosen to land at Hawaii, the biggest of the islands, where four volcanic peaks towered high above the fertile vegetation which covered every inch of the ground not invaded by lava from past eruptions.

The happy disposition of the islanders was most marked. They welcomed the visitors with garlands of flowers, themselves wearing wreaths round their heads in ancient Roman fashion. Festivities of every kind took place in honour of Captain Cook, who was already acquainted with the love of display of sport shown by almost all the Polynesian races. Sometimes even the kings of the islands took part in the wrestling and boxing matches. Then, after the contest, those who had hit the sacred person of the chief made suitable apology; and, even if the royal nose was bleeding, the offender could be sure of a pardon and expressions of goodwill. Women were equally fond of these displays, and were admitted to the "ring," where they usually acquitted themselves extremely well.

On the island of Tonga Captain Cook witnessed what must be the biggest boxing match ever staged. It was almost a battle, for three thousand girls took part in it—fifteen hundred on each side. Their bodies were free of any hampering garment, and at a given signal came to grips. It was a mammoth spectacle, and continued with increasing violence until the king gave the order to stop. It was then possible to count the number who had "taken the count" on each side! There were many sprained ankles and broken limbs, but never a sign of ill-feeling; nothing but admiration for each other's skill and prowess.

Long before Captain Cook arrived in Hawaii, there had been a strange prediction made by a native seer called Maui. He declared that one day an outrigger canoe would arrive from distant lands. (An outrigger canoe was a canoe fitted on each side with additional aids to buoyancy. It was the only kind of craft known to the inhabitants.) He also predicted the arrival of the god Rono. This god, according to local belief, used to dwell on the island, but had departed long ago for an unknown destination. When the two imposing European vessels came in sight of the islanders, the latter beheld in them the outrigger boats of the prophecy. Then they tacked on the other prediction, and came to the conclusion that Captain Cook was the god Rono. This explains the reverence with which the explorer was received. He was even led to the temple and had prayers addressed to him. Who would have thought that these same simple people kneeling before him would be the ones responsible for his untimely death?

His end has been described by several writers and differs slightly in each account; but it is not difficult from these accounts to conjure up a picture of the scene as it actually happened. The crew of the *Discovery* noticed that during the night of February 13, 1779, one of the ship's boats had disappeared. Captain Cook had a system of his own for recovering things which had been stolen by the natives. He would take the King on board, either by means of persuasion or coercion, and keep him there as hostage until the stolen property was restored.

On the island of Tonga Captain Cook witnessed what must be the biggest boxing match ever staged

At daybreak on this occasion he went ashore attended by a number of marines. They were returning to the ship when an over-excited native threw some stones, one of which struck Captain Cook. The latter turned and fired, and the native fell. In the meantime the King was being firmly held, and this, no doubt, incited the other natives standing by to join in the attack. Their superior numbers overcame the white men, and Captain Cook was soon left alone to fight his way back through the throng. Something struck him from behind and he fell. The sight of blood on his face convinced the islanders that he was not the god Rono. Encouraged by this, they set upon him and killed him. There is ample evidence that this tragic incident was not the result of hatred, but simply an irresponsible act due to over-excitement.

The Captain's body remained in the custody of the islanders, who preserved his bones as sacred relics, as was customary with the bones of their kings and hero ancestors.

THE stay of the Europeans in Hawaii, though short, had inspired the islanders with many new ideas. They had seen at first hand the deadly power of the firearm and this had inflamed their ambitions.

A few years after the death of Captain Cook, King Kamehameha, who had inherited the throne, ordered the keel of a European boat to be laid down for him. The ingenious natives constructed in a few years no fewer than twenty vessels, varying from twenty-five to fifty tons. Trade was begun with other islands, and soon firearms were being brought from abroad. These deadly tools incited a warlike spirit, and one by one the smaller isles were conquered and absorbed by the enterprising King Kamehameha. He died in 1819 and left an heir, Kamehameha II., who was, at the time, too young to rule, so his mother, Queen Kaahumanu, became regent, with unlimited powers. This remarkable woman proved no less enterprising than her late husband, for it was during her regency that the people made great strides towards achieving some civilisation.

From time immemorial the religious rules and customs of the Hawaians consisted of an appalling mixture of barbarous cruelty and licentiousness. The pagan spirit of that strong and virile race, excited by the bracing climate, made of them frantic worshippers of beauty and pleasure. Strangely enough, their romantic hearts did not prevent them from practising infanticide—that abominable habit of killing new-born, unwanted children, usually females—but such children as were allowed to live had the greatest care and affection lavished on them by their parents. Human sacrifice to the gods was another of the normal practices of their lives, and in some parts of Polynesia human flesh was occasionally an article of diet.

In extenuation it must be said that almost all people who live in a state of primitive barbarism are addicted to these habits; but few of them have ever exhibited a high degree of civilisation in

other respects, like the Hawaians. It is sufficient to become acquainted with their songs alone to realise how gracefully and poetically they commemorate their heroes of the past, their gods, their women—framed like mermaids in the sapphire-blue water—and the whole enchanting beauty of their island home.

They were also very fond of music; and despite the primitive nature of their instruments, they achieved more melodious results than the usual cacophonic repetition of savages. They had a flute, an instrument reserved exclusively for the fair sex, which was played through the nostril. Many are the romantic love-stories, often with tragic endings, and despite the fact that the marriage ceremony was of the utmost simplicity and licence was rife, many a disappointed lover committed

He dived and disappeared under water, to reappear a few minutes later with a dusky Venus swimming at his side

The missionaries began by tackling the Queen Regent Kaahumanu

suicide. Here, amidst the matchless beauty of this fragment of Paradise, many a dusky Romeo and Juliet, or Paolo and Francesca, lived and died of their love.

The following is a brief account of one of the most beautiful of these island legends.

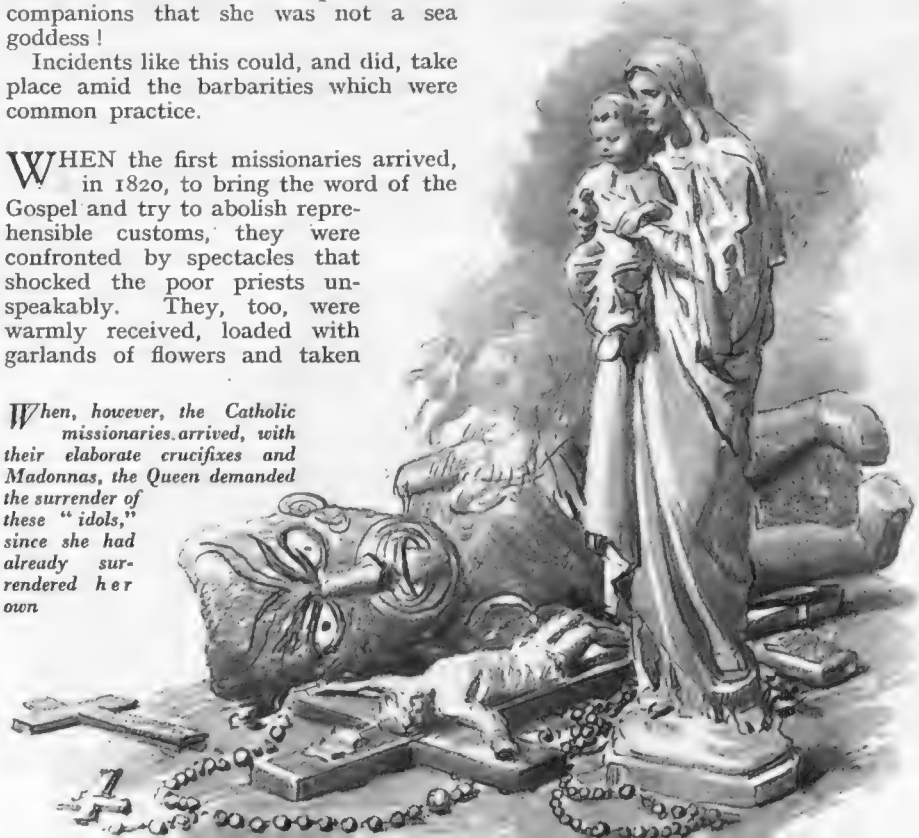
A certain young chieftain, who nourished a deep hatred against the tribal king, discovered, while diving in the blue waters of the lagoon, a secret sea cave. It was approachable only by a very daring swimmer, through dangerous recesses of the rocks and long stretches of underwater swimming. He kept his knowledge to himself in case he might at some time have need of an unapproachable hiding-place.

The tribal chief whom he hated was a cruel tyrant with many enemies, and at this time was the object of a secret plot hatched against him by an elderly neighbouring chief. Unfortunately, someone warned the tyrant, and the old chief was condemned to death, together with all his family. It happened that he had a beautiful daughter, for long the object of passionate devotion on the part of the young man who discovered the cave. He had not declared his love, for the simple reason that the maiden was betrothed to another man. But on hearing that his beloved was about to be slain at the behest of the tyrant, he approached her, told her his secret and persuaded her to enter his canoe. Together they paddled and swam until they had reached the refuge. Here he concealed his treasure, whom he had snatched from the jaws of death, bringing her food every day. Arduous searches were taking place for her, but she had vanished to all intents and purposes into thin air. Soon their affection became mutual, and it was not long before they had celebrated their own simple and romantic wedding. No honeymoon was ever so happy, or was spent in such idyllic surroundings, as that of this young couple. The young man's intention was to leave the island, together with some other families who were in disgrace, and go to Fiji. They successfully made ready their canoe and started their voyage. Since no one knew of the young man's secret love, regret was expressed that he was taking no wife with him. Calmly, he replied that he would find one on the way. On the way ? Out on the waves ? No wonder they were puzzled. Smilingly, he told them " Yes ! " And when the canoes neared the spot, he dived and disappeared under water, to reappear a few minutes later with a dusky Venus swimming at his side. The story ends by telling us that he had much ado to persuade his companions that she was not a sea goddess !

Incidents like this could, and did, take place amid the barbarities which were common practice.

WHEN the first missionaries arrived, in 1820, to bring the word of the Gospel and try to abolish reprehensible customs, they were confronted by spectacles that shocked the poor priests unspeakably. They, too, were warmly received, loaded with garlands of flowers and taken around to meet the local notabilities. They witnessed certain dances which were a speciality of the Sandwich islanders, and are described thus by someone who actually saw them : " Dances, performed in quaint dresses to the sound of flutes and drums, some of the most indecent character, made up the sum of their principal recreations."

The lengthy dissertations which Ellis has left to posterity give some idea of the enormous task with which the missions were faced. Such reform is easier when the objects of it are suffering people in need of assistance. In this case, the natives were exceptionally strong and happy, revelling in their easy lives in the (*Continued on p. 51*)



When, however, the Catholic missionaries arrived, with their elaborate crucifixes and Madonnas, the Queen demanded the surrender of these " idols," since she had already surrendered her own

The Resident's Wife

Years may Cloud a Mystery, but Sometimes they make Confession Easy

By John Brophy

"What about the poor devil of a husband?" a caustic voice inquired

THE worst heat of the day was past and now that the sun had set, dipping swiftly behind the *gebel* ridges and plunging the wide expanse of the Red Sea into sudden darkness, life stirred again in the little town, which straggled round the harbour and along the embankments of the river. The wind blowing softly off the sea would in a more northerly climate have been oppressively sultry, but here, after the daylong cruelty of the sun, it brought physical and mental refreshment. Up on one of the hillside terraces, a group of men sat on the veranda of a stone bungalow to enjoy the darkness and the comparative cool of the evening.

The moon had not yet risen and beyond the golden illumination of the oil lamp on the table the night was velvety blue and dimensionless. Shape and distance and colour were entirely eliminated except where, two miles below, the harbour shipping marked its anchorages with tiny points of light and the five minarets rose above the shadowy town, each encircled thrice with girdles of golden lamps, like winking beads. The men sat in silence, with the first drinks of the day at hand, listening to the jubilant Ramadan drums and tabors in the town, sounds pleasantly diminished by distance, and the creak and stir of the feathery date palms surrounding the bungalow. It was all familiar to them and needed no comment.

Whittaker, the host, was the first to break silence.

"Catherine Duke is dead," he said in a quiet, casual voice, as if the statement, though interesting, were of no immediate import. "You remember her, Abbot?" he added.

Abbot nodded. He was a man of heavy build, with a broad flattish face, ugly but not unpleasant; a coffee planter, like Whittaker, of many years experience. The other men were younger and were regarded by Whittaker and Abbot as newcomers.

"How did you hear?" Abbot asked, his voice, as always, slow and thick and expressionless.

"It's in *The Times*," and Whittaker nodded to a heap of newspapers, some still in their wrappers, lying on the veranda floor. Abbot turned, his shoulders moving slowly with his big head, and stretching a hairy hand backwards he picked up the crumpled sheets.

After a moment: "Doesn't say what she died of?" he complained.

"Obituary columns are like that," Whittaker laughed. "Perhaps it was a broken heart? Or perhaps an act of penitence? I never could make up my mind about her. More likely she caught a chill," he added cynically. "That's the way most people die in England, and no wonder in that climate."

One of the younger men muttered a remark about malaria and hoped he would survive to die in the old country.

"Did you say her name was Duke?" another asked.

Whittaker nodded.

"Wasn't the last Resident but one called Duke?" the young man persisted.

Whittaker laughed. "I see you know your local history. Yes, Catherine Duke was his wife. He got typhoid. She went home after that."

"You mean, he never recovered? I remember now. Duke died out here, didn't he? Another man had to be sent from Khartoum to take his place. "I say," the youngster became pink in the lamplight and apologetic, "I hope I'm not dropping any bricks? I suppose these people were friends of yours?"

"You're not touching any sore spots, if that's what you mean," Whittaker assured him. "It happened a good time ago, and there's no one here will remember the Dukes, except Charlie Abbot and myself. Charlie won't mind you talking about them, I'm sure."

"There wasn't anything special about 'em," he declared.

Abbot dropped the newspaper to the floor and shook his head.

WHITTAKER looked out over the veranda rail to where the topmost dusty leaves of the palms were showing the first silver gleam of moonlight. "I'm not so sure about that," he said.

The other men looked at him expectantly, but Abbot smiled, slow and deliberate and friendly. "You always fancied yourself as a psychologist," he derided, very gently.

But Whittaker was not to be put off. They were old friends and could tease each other without fear of misunderstanding. "Abbot," said Whittaker, addressing the others, "doesn't believe in psychology because he's never found any traces of a mind in himself. He can't imagine a state of self-consciousness. It's outside his experience. Besides," he said to Abbot direct, "you didn't know the Dukes as well as I did. Or Arminger either, for the matter of that."

"Who was Arminger?" asked one of the listeners.

"Ah, that belongs to the story, and I'm not sure I ought to tell it. But after all, they're both dead now. I can't prove anything, I've never been quite sure myself. . . . There's no one except Arminger who could reveal the whole truth, and he's a big pot in India now. Probably forgotten all about it. I don't see why I shouldn't, now the poor woman is beyond the reach of scandal. At any rate I could give you the evidence and let you reach your own conclusions. You might see more clearly than I can. I was too close to the events to be perfectly detached."

"What *is* it all about?" The young voice was politely impatient.

Whittaker poured himself another whisky.

"It's about the old problem of whether young bachelors should grow friendly with marriep couples. Some say it keeps them out of mischief, the bachelors, I mean. Puts a spot of refinement in an otherwise coarse and material life. Tames the blighters by rubbing their noses in domesticity. And quite a number of young men like nothing better than to be friend of the family in a respectable household. They get decent feminine society, and a sympathetic reception for all their little woes, and yet they're spared the expenses of matrimony. They run no risk of compromising themselves with marriageable girls. For the timid sort, or the selfish, there's a lot to be said for the arrangement."

"What about the poor devil of a husband?" a caustic voice inquired.

"Now you've said it," Whittaker replied. "Can you imagine any woman tolerating a young female friend of her husband's always about the house? Not on your life. Yet there's a certain sort of husband that doesn't dislike the system. Duke was that sort. As a matter of fact, he and Arminger were as thick as thieves."

"I'd enjoy this story a sight more if I could get the hang of this Arminger chap." The caustic voice was mockingly plaintive now.

Whittaker waved an indulgent hand. "His name was Cyril, and

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

At the Resident's bungalow, although he was there almost every evening they seemed respectability itself

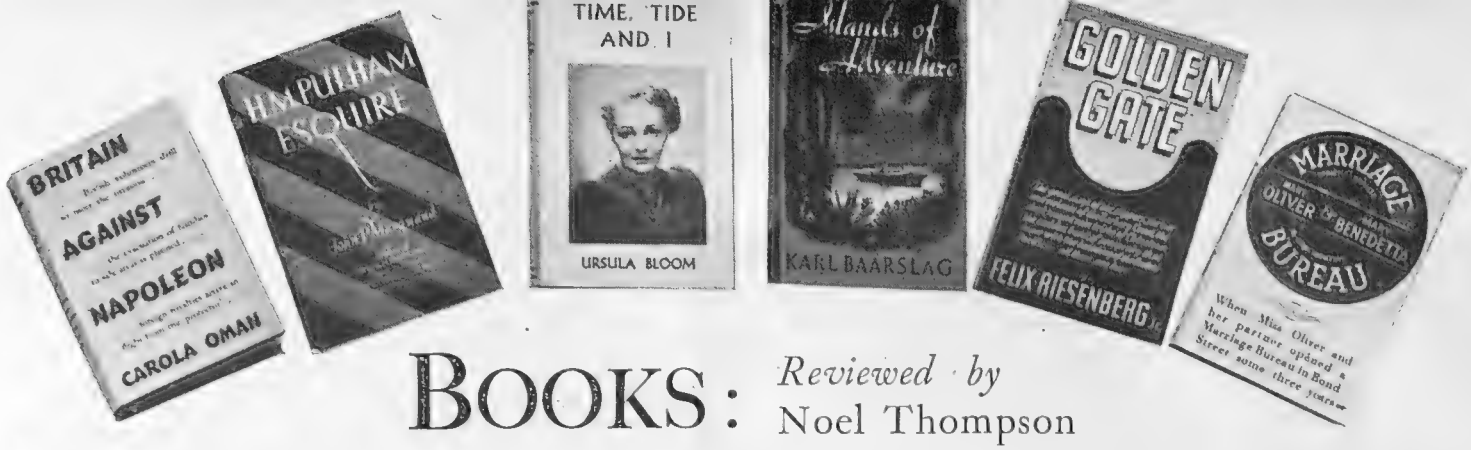
he was a doctor of medicine. Edinburgh, I believe. Also he'd been a research student in tropical medicine at that place in Endsleigh Gardens. Perhaps you know it. Never mind. Arminger was doing a year out here as medical officer to the station, in order to get experience. There was a good job waiting for him at home, and as I told you he's a big noise now in India. He was young then and obviously a man with a future. He made no secret of the fact that he was a bird of passage here. *He* didn't intend to bury his talents in a forsaken corner of hell like this."

"I don't think," put in Abbot in his deliberate unhurried voice, "you're being quite fair to the man. He never patronised us in the slightest."

"Perhaps not," Whittaker admitted with the ready tolerance of middle age. "At any rate he didn't intend to be offensive. There was nothing crude about him. I daresay it was just that which made him seem so out of place here. He dressed so damned carefully and he had that sleek West End manner."

"I know," one of the younger men commented. "I came out to get away from it."

"The funny thing was," Whittaker continued, "that Duke had it too. He was a good Resident, very fair and hard working and always willing to learn from others who knew the country better than he did. But just the same he had the grand manner. He was superior in a highly civilised way. He never did anything or said a word you could take exception to, and yet all the time he let you know that in his opinion you belonged to a lower order of creation. He seemed to think he ought to be governor of a province at least, with an armed guard and plush flunkeys to accompany him even when he went to wash his hands. At any rate, he recognised Arminger as one of his own sort. They took to each other at sight and Arminger was the only man in the place who dared to walk into the Resident's bungalow without an invitation." (*Continued on page* 58)



BOOKS: *Reviewed by* Noel Thompson

IF you want to read the private diary of a public man, I recommend "Off The Record" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). At the beginning of the war, Charles Graves, then writing a daily column for the *Daily Mail*, started putting down at night all his doings, the people he had met, the subjects discussed, and his private reactions. Much of this material could not be published in newspapers, and as the diary went on still more could never have passed the censor at the Ministry of Information. Now the censor, while still making big cuts, but aided by the lapse of time, has made much of it publishable. Admittedly much remains of private or local interest but whether meeting Margaret, a prize showgirl at the Windmill Theatre, or a cabinet minister, whether writing of the Home Guards or the R.A.F., of golf, drinks, blitzes or rationing, there is entertainment and a good insight into the life of a columnist. In one place Charles Graves naïvely remarks of the Home Guards: "The Tommy gun appears to be quite foolproof, so I applied to be made platoon expert," which disarms criticism. My criticism of this book is similarly disarmed.

In the same way J. W. Drawbell, another old colleague of mine, takes readers behind the scenes with him in his "Dorothy Thompson's English Journey" (Collins, 8s. 6d.). This book covers the month that the famous American commentator and broadcaster spent over here meeting every one and travelling the country. Every day and almost every hour of the day Drawbell was with her, making her arrangements and planning her programme, smoothing over the inevitable difficulties and rejoicing in her triumphs.

Naturally he knew her extremely well and talked with her, when off duty, about a variety of subjects. Here, in one book, are details of her life and doings, both public and private. On her arrival the public immediately gave her the sort of welcome reserved in peace time for the most famous of film stars, who have now fallen out of favour. In fact, as Drawbell quotes, Hannen Swaffer remarked: "If Clark Gable, Errol Flynn and Robert Taylor all walked down the Strand together eating a banana, nowadays, it would be the banana that would attract attention." I draw the attention of all who want to know more about this great and friendly woman to this book.

GILBERT FRANKAU asks reviewers not to reveal his plot in his latest novel "Winter of Discontent" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). I will observe his wishes except for mentioning, in passing, that this book breaks newish ground in that it is a story of murder in the Air Ministry and give Frankau a chance to do a great deal of pulling of Civil Service legs in no uncertain fashion. I am sure that he would not mind my saying that a love story runs through the book also, and that the ending comes as a real surprise. I trust he will forgive me for disclosing that I like the book and can advise others to enjoy it.

"The Long Alert" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) describes the period of waiting and training, which still continues, undergone by the Canadian troops in this country. Philip Gibbs points out the incredible boredom and strain for men separated by thousands of miles from their wives, sweethearts and homes. In novel form he tells of the welcome sometimes afforded them by us in this country, and stresses the casual way the majority accept their presence. The officers may be entertained, but what of the men? There are some serious passages in the book, but it is a good picture and a good story, although at times the author seems to have lost some of his fine writing. But he has lost none of his touch in characterisation nor in story telling.

DO you remember when a good cook got £10 a year, a parlour maid £8 and a tweeny £5 and no days off? Of the last war, of fashions, of the coming of talkies, of the first make-up, of the "roaring twenties," how much has stuck in your memory?

Ursula Bloom discusses such matters both objectively and subjectively in her "Time, Tide and I" (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.). This is not an autobiography, but she uses her own life story as a peg on which to hang comments on passing events, and I commend this technique. There is colour, and life and general interest in all that she writes and there is infinite variety.

And so we get away from the hurry and worry of modern life to something with a rather more scholastic atmosphere, John P. Marquand's "H. M. Pullman, Esq." (Robert Hale, 9s.). Those who like the tops in characterisation, in studied prose, clear definition and clever construction, this is a book to note, provided they like also the subject, what is a gentleman's upbringing and good education worth? Is it not really a deadening handicap? H. M. Pullman went to one of the best schools and then on to Harvard. He had a fine American family with traditions. But any originality he may have wished to show was ironed out of him. The old school, and his class at Harvard pervaded his life and even his one genuine love affair. In the war for a time he managed to break away. The moral is tragic, but the

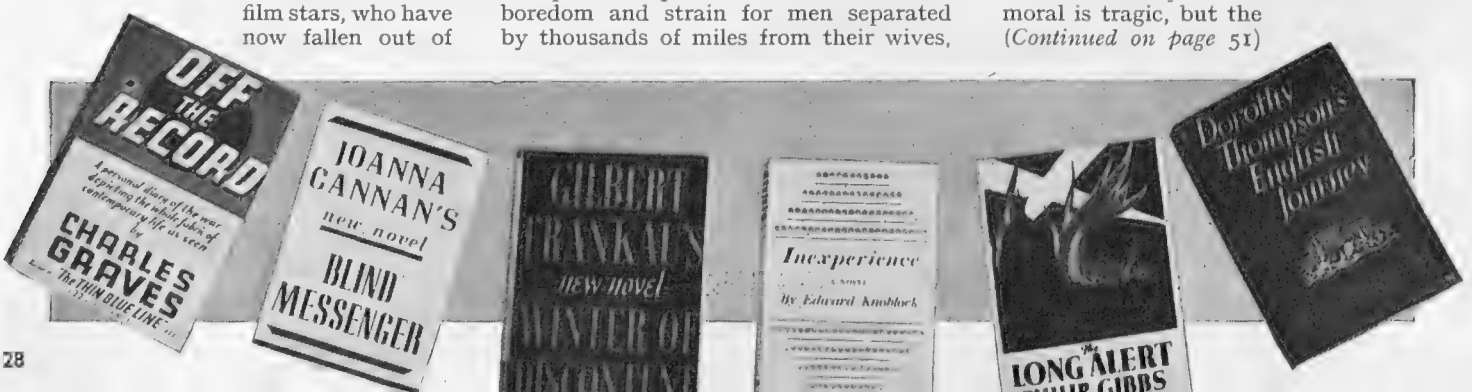
(*Continued on page* 51)

MARRIAGE AS A BUSINESS

MARRIAGES, they say, are made in heaven. But Mary Oliver and her partner, Heather Jenner, take the view that this does not prevent a little earthly assistance being extremely valuable, and so they set up in Bond Street to help bring together men and women of suitable types.

In "Marriage Bureau," by Mary Oliver and Mary Benedetta (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) the story is told of how the office, which has now been responsible for more than 1,000 marriages, came to be started, and grew from an idea with a £10 capital into a flourishing concern with a reputation which has spread round the world. The story of their adventures and their occasional mistakes is told candidly, with taste and with humour by the partners, both so young that at first they found people shy with them. Now they have 10,000 names on their books and the war has caused a boom.

Both partners must be very understanding people with a knowledge of psychology, and I do not wonder that they have told their story. The book is one which all about to marry, already married, or anxious to avoid marriage, can read with profit and interest. And the tale of this original experiment is written with skill and good taste.



On and Off Duty

By Jane Gordon

THERE is going to be no Off Duty this month because just for once I want to write about women and children.

It's a curious thing how fate seems bent on separating women from their children in these days, and every month the war goes on life becomes a little bit tougher for the children.

English children have put up a very good show in this war. To begin with they faced evacuation, which must have been a terrifying ordeal for them, and if evacuation failed it was because the grown-up people, not the children, failed to adapt themselves to the new situation. If hostels and boarding schools had been equipped in the country to care for the children according to their needs, or again, had foster-parents been more carefully chosen, the evacuation scheme would probably have succeeded.

We know now that city children stand up to the blitz far better than grown-up people. Children are not frightened by gunfire or alarmed by bombs. With very few exceptions their nerves have not been shattered nor their health ruined by shelter nights. So far, children have not succumbed to epidemics, and they have stood up to the rigours of war remarkably well.

The only person in this country who has really cared for children in a practical way is Lord Woolton. Thanks to him, the babies can get their fruit pulp and cod-liver oil. Thanks to him, the under-fives can have their oranges, and thanks to him the children can get their milk.

There are lots of women who could be doing more for children than they are doing just now, and it is high time that the children were given a fair deal.

ALTHOUGH I am not an ardent lover of children, I like them well enough. They can be lots of fun and they can also be extremely tiresome. When nice they are very nice, but when spoilt I find them horrid.

It was through no choice of mine that I have had such a lot to do with children. Ever since I can remember the nursing profession has been my real love. Nursing is the one job that women can do better than men, and I still think that it is the most exciting and satisfactory work in the world for a woman.

As it happened, I was too young to be a V.A.D. in the last war, but I was determined not to miss out in the next war. So I took up V.A.D. work in a children's hospital, and I liked the work so well that eventually I became a member of the out-patients' staff, and the hospital seemed to me to be my second home. At the same time I was careful to take my Red Cross lectures and examinations, and enrolled as a mobile member so that I would not be stuck at home nursing when the time came. As it turned out, this availed me nothing. When this war came, auxiliary nurses were not allowed out in France, and though I tried hard to wangle myself first out to France and then out to Finland, fate seems to have decided that I shall go through this war nursing children and what air raid casualties the blitz brings us. I learnt my place properly in November, 1940. I had been given a few days' holiday in the country after six weeks on duty at night for raids and during the day for out-patients. I was worried about the hospital, as there had been a particularly heavy raid in the district, and so I rang up. Sister answered the telephone.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she answered, "we're still standing. It was a bad raid," she added plaintively. "I wish you had been here: I needed you."

"Were there many casualties?" I asked.

"Oh no, it wasn't that," she replied. "I needed you to laugh with."

It was rather a jolt to realise that after eighty of the longest, noisiest, most uncomfortable and anxious nights I had ever spent on duty, my real job was to provide the party spirit for the staff. Which only goes to show that we cannot all be heroines.

Take, for example, the members of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade and Red Cross Society. Hundreds and thousands of them have learnt about pressure points and how to apply a Thomas's splint, thousands have practised stretcher drill, and yet their chance of practising first aid as they have learnt it out of a manual is practically nil. The famous Spanish Dr. Trueta, who worked through the Spanish Civil War and lectured here in April, 1940, told us quite plainly then that air raid casualties stood a better chance when they were taken directly to the casualty clearing stations (Continued on page 57)

YES,

THE LETTER

This letter has come to us from a reader. It is typical of many we receive asking for advice on domestic and personal problems.

"I have been turning over in my mind the advisability of buying a house. Will you tell me, please, if you think I should be justified at this time and in my present circumstances in doing so. If the answer is favourable, I should be grateful for some suggestions from you as to the best way of fitting and equipping the house with the furniture I already have and with the smallest outlay on essential replacements.

"My husband is in the Army and I now maintain a four-roomed flat for myself and my two children. The house I am interested in was completed just before the war began. It is in a situation we like and it fulfils most of our requirements for after the war. We have enough money put by to pay the deposit on the purchase price and I calculate that payments on the mortgage will cost me, with rates, only a very little more than the rent of the flat. Another point is that my sister, whose husband has lately been called up, will come to live with me, which will be good for us both and will enable me to undertake some part-time war work.

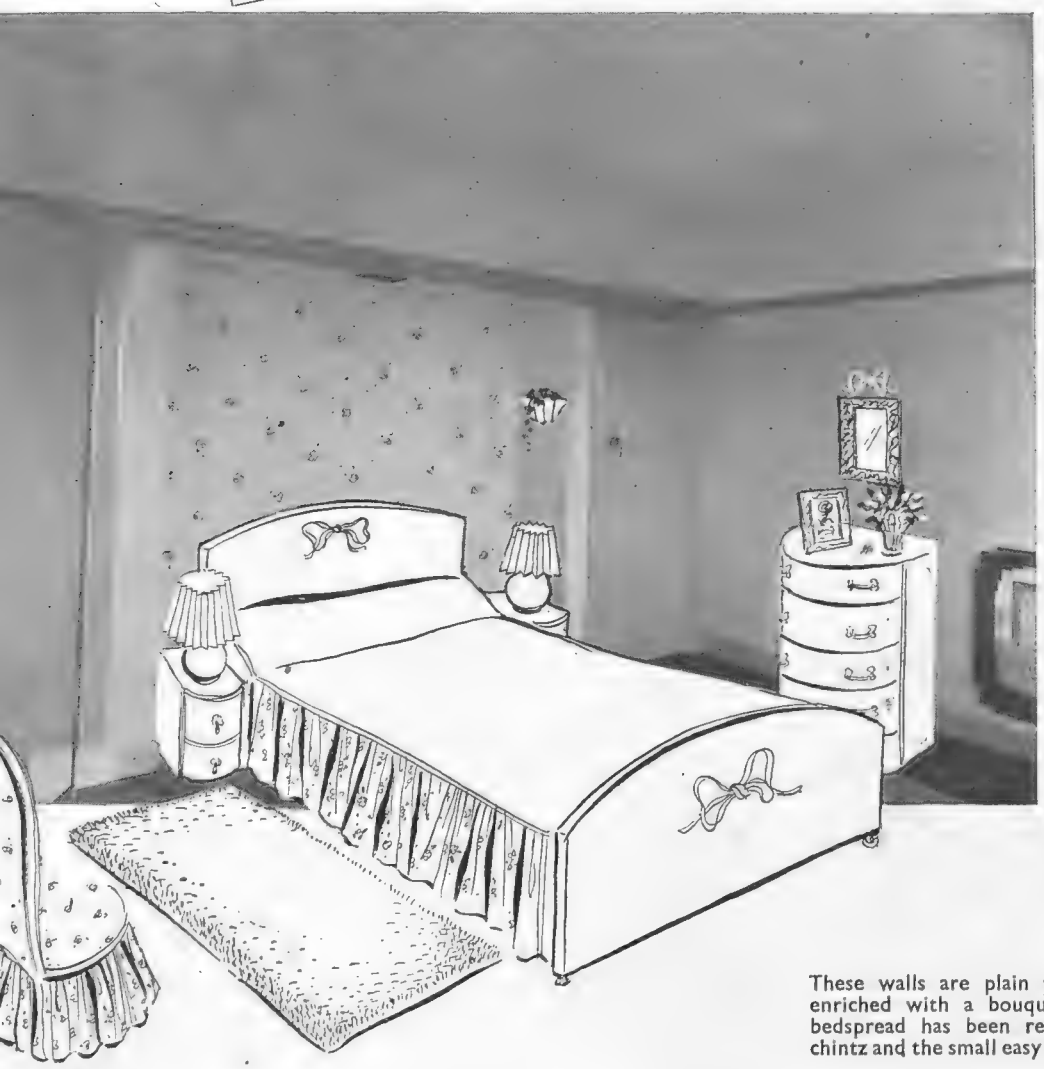
"I have enough furniture to fit out essential rooms with a few additions. I enclose a list of the furniture and a description of fittings, also details of the rooms. Will you please say if you think this is a good move and, if so, how I can make the best of what I have?"

OUR REPLY

"Yes, buy your house if you are reasonably certain of your financial stability and the worth of the property. It appears that your expenditure will be little more than at present and your own situation will be definitely happier. In any case there may not be so good a chance, later, to fix yourselves up in a house so much to your taste.

"Decorating may not be easy. Wallpapers, all decorating materials are in short supply. Old things will have to be adapted to new uses. Everything must be done on a simple and inexpensive scale.

"We have gone carefully into the details you provide of the furniture and fittings you already have, and we are sending you suggestions for their dispersal throughout the house, with one or two essential additions."



These walls are plain peach, but the bed recess is enriched with a bouquet paper. The peach satin bedspread has been renovated with a valance of chintz and the small easy chair has a cover of the same

Here are details for the treatment of each room. The empty rooms have been photographed and furniture and fittings have been drawn in as shown in the two illustrations.

The house is at present in its rough state. It has never been decorated since its completion at the beginning of the war. It has, however, been used as an officers' mess, so fires around the place have helped to dry it out and all the walls are well seasoned.

Washable cream-painted walls, or washable distemper are a practical choice for the hall, as there are children to be considered. Black enamel doors and wood trim and black tread to the staircase get our vote because they are practical and effective. Having lived in a flat, our reader has no stair carpet and this is one of the essential outlays. We favour ruby red for stair carpet with black polished linoleum to cover the hall floor and one large red rug.

Carpet by the yard is still obtainable at much inflated prices. A reasonably good Wilton may cost anything from 12s. 6d. to 18s. 6d. a yard and the only alternative is to pick up a length of second-hand carpet either at an auction sale or in the used carpet department of one of the furnishing stores.

The cheerful lounge—we have given a picture of it opposite—is pine panelled. This saves trouble about the wall decorating. The ingle nook fireplace is the focal

IT IS A GOOD MOVE

point of the scheme, so around here the furniture must be mainly grouped as suggested here.

From the lounge at the flat there is a three-piece suite upholstered in green, a rust carpet and also some rust velvet curtains.

The floor of the lounge is, happily, parquet, so we recommend the banishment of the rust carpet in favour of rugs. Two big Indian rugs which have been in use in the second bedroom (they are cream with blue and pink colouring) can be sent to the dyers. This to be re-coloured a deep wine. One rug can go before the fireplace, another near the centre of the room.

New cretonne curtains for the casement doors seem essential to vitalise the colour scheme. These might have a green groundwork, fairly light in tone, with flowers in plum, fuchsia and candy pink. They will be lined with dark green for blackout.

The wing chair is covered in green frieze to match the settee, but we aim to link this up with the window treatment by re-covering the front part only with cretonne to match. The back and sides stay plain green.

The rocking chair is a notion of our own. It gives character to the chimney corner and, by sending the larger easy chair to the far end of the room, improves the grouping just here and saves the crowding which sometimes results from getting two easy chairs and a settee round the fire.

Our reader will have to go off on a shop hunt for her rocking chair. They are still to be found in the small antique dealers' shops and at quite a reasonable price.

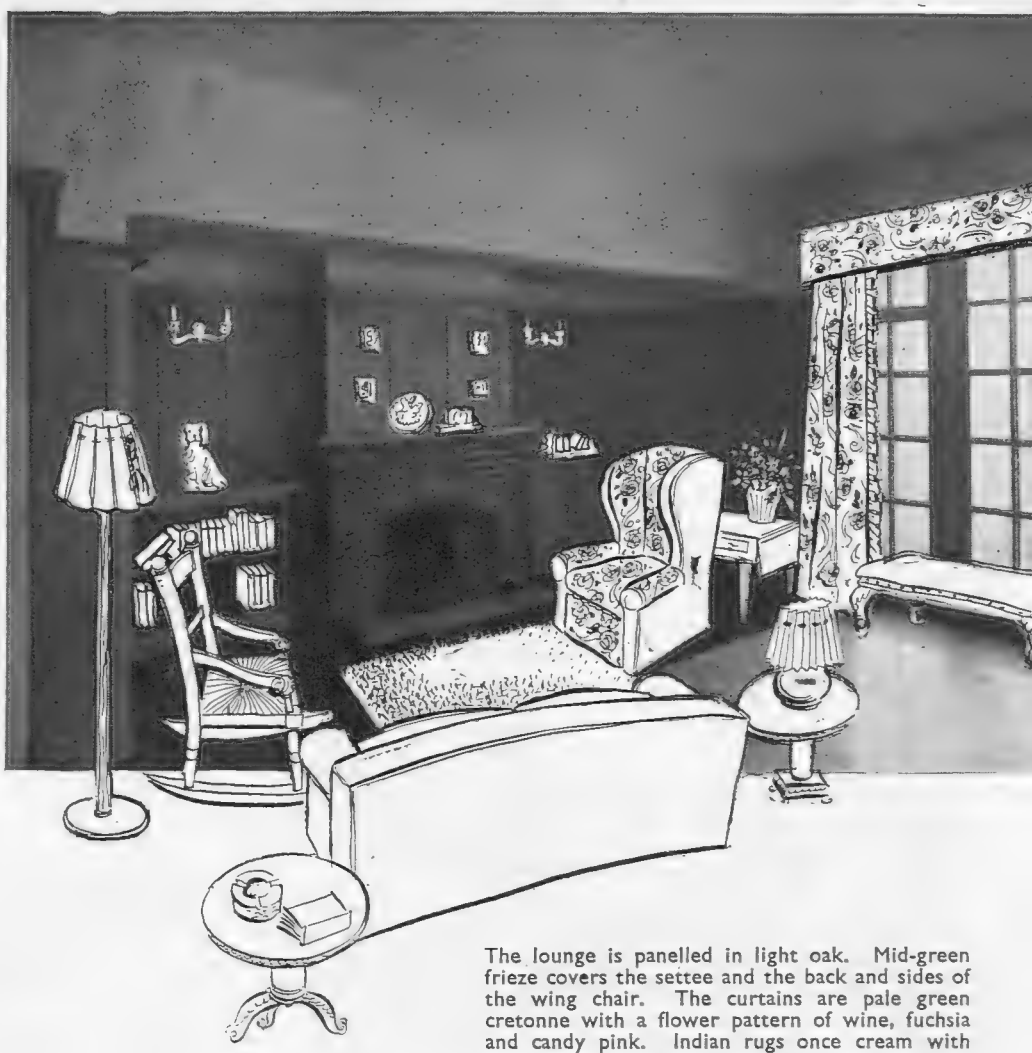
If the rocking chair does not materialize a high-backed Windsor type chair will look good on the opposite side of the chimney corner from the upholstered easy chair. As the wall panelling is light the wood can be either dark oak or striped.

The rust carpet and curtains are now earmarked for the dining-room. Apricot distemper seems a good choice to go with them. Both these colours have a brown tone and the delicacy of the paler one certainly gives the right stimulant to the darker.

The dining-room furniture is limed oak. This will look well against the rust and apricot background and even better with some touches of sharp green for contrast. Bows on the lampshades or a piece of green pottery will provide this colour accent.

The kitchen is entirely fitted with cupboards and has a composition floor, so there are no problems here except the curtains. Those now in use at the flat are green check gingham, lined with green and are rather too small for the new windows, but a wide margin of plain green all around the edges will make up the deficiency.

The kitchen table from the flat will do well for the new kitchen. The legs are to be painted green to match the fitted cupboards and the doors. The idea is to use the kitchen as much as possible for family meals. It is light and sunny in the summer and well-warmed by a coke boiler in the winter. There is ample cupboard space for all utensils, so the kitchen can always be neat.



The lounge is panelled in light oak. Mid-green frieze covers the settee and the back and sides of the wing chair. The curtains are pale green cretonne with a flower pattern of wine, fuchsia and candy pink. Indian rugs once cream with blue, green and pink colouring, have been re-dyed a deep wine. The front of the easy chair has been treated with the curtain cretonne

We have illustrated the main bedroom which promises to be very pretty. The bedroom suite is painted. There is a fawn carpet and peach satin curtains from the old bedroom, which will serve with minor adjustments.

The walls are papered plain peach with an oatmeal texture, but to give more interest to the background we suggest a patterned paper for the shallow bed recess. This has a peach ground matching the main wall with a bouquet design in shaded pinks and greens.

Wallpaper is not easy to get. More particularly if one is looking for a particular shade of colouring. Our advice to our reader, if she is unable to find the exact shade of peach for wallpaper is to have the walls first treated with lining paper and then distempered over in the colour she has chosen. The advantage of this is that the texture of paper is achieved as well as the right colour. Distemper can be specially mixed by a good decorator.

The old bedspread made from the soft peach satin of curtains is a little shabby, so this is to be reconditioned by using the best parts of it for a new top and adding a valance of chintz. It was possible before the war to get wallpaper and chintz to match, but this is too much to hope for now, and chintz and wallpaper that are just near relations will have to do. The same chintz, peach with a bouquet of rosebuds, covers the small easy chair.

The children's bedroom has painted wood furniture and, at present, no carpet. There was linoleum in their old bedroom, but this is too old to be removed, and we suggest a coloured art felt floor covering instead. Felt costs about 8s. 11d. a yard, but if this is too expensive as a fitted covering, a large rug of felt, bound at the edges with a wide webbing braid in a contrasting colour will do instead.

Washable distemper in cyclamen is the choice for the walls of the bedroom. The furniture is green and the felt covering or rugs should be violet with green edging. There are violet casement curtains from the old bedroom which can be used again.

By following this plan, there will be very little new stuff to buy for the house. The secret of success lies in seeing that existing furniture is cleverly utilised and colours well balanced.

Winifred Lewis

RULES OF THE ROAD

1. **Masticate thoroughly.**
2. **Eat when hungry. Don't nibble between meals.**
3. **Avoid liquid-diluted meals.**
4. **No strong tea, coffee, liquor on an empty stomach.**
5. **Perfect elimination twice a day.**
6. **Never eat when agitated in mind or body.**

If you see a girl swinging on her way clear-eyed, fresh-complexioned and energetic-looking, you can be fairly certain that she does not suffer from indigestion. She may have a strong constitution which she ill-treats slightly, but, being young, her organs are strong and are able to stand up to a little punishment. If you see her ten years later and she still has the same clear-eyed energy, you can be sure that she has followed the rules of the road to a good digestion.

The primary rules for cherishing one's digestive system can be easily understood if you have a general idea of the process of digestion.

Foods taken through the mouth have to be dissolved as they pass through the stomach, duodenum and intestines, so that their nutriment can be assimilated by the tiny blood vessels lining the intestines, and passed on to the body's nutrition distributor, the blood.

The actual process of digestion starts when saliva mixes with food in the mouth. If your appetite is dull less saliva is released, and if you fail to masticate the food, saliva does not get properly mixed with the food and the first stages of digestion are neglected.

From the mouth, the food passes into the stomach, where other gastric juices are released from tiny cells of the stomach lining; these juices continue with the main work of dissolving the foods. Strong tea, coffee and liquors, coming in direct contact with these cells have an astringent action and contract them, so that less gastric juices are released. If there are insufficient juices to act on the food, it is eventually passed on to the duodenum in an unready condition. In the same way, if these gastric juices are diluted with liquids, soups, or sloppy foods mixed with heavy foods, they cannot get their full concentrated action on the foods needing digestion.

Soup, or sloppy foods, as given in an invalid's diet, are easily digested because they do not mingle with the solids that need more acute digestion, but when these juice dilutors are taken with meals that need all the strength of your digestive juices, then they are harmful. A dry meal without the usual sips of water or drinks lacing it should be easily dealt with by your stomach.

Fats are digested in the stomach by bile which is released from the liver and pancreas. This explains why too great an intake of rich fatty foods results in bile flooding into the stomach and thence into the system, in many cases resulting in a nasty attack of biliousness.

The partially digested food then passes through the duodenal canal and into the small and large intestines. As it passes through the large intestine, the last particle of nutrition is absorbed into the lining cells, and only refuse is left. This has to be expelled from the body regularly, otherwise gases and fermentation gradually work backwards and affect the digestive system.

Apart from the harmful action of unwise foods and liquids on the digestive system, there are other influences which retard the release of the digestive juices. The most potent of these is any strong emotion. Never try to eat if your mental system is agitated by worry, work, fear, anger or excitement; nor if your physical system is agitated by fatigue or recent exertion.

Before a meal, spend a few minutes in complete mental and physical relaxation; this will make your food more enjoyable, better digested and therefore more nutritious. Never try to work or concentrate on any of your more worrying problems while eating, even if you are alone.

Over-eating is another digestion abuse. Once the stomach walls have been distended by the continued practice of over-filling, the cells and wall tissues begin to sag and dilate and lose their proper functioning ability. A little nutritious food, well masticated and therefore properly digested so that every atom of nutriment can be absorbed, is worth a meal three times the size that has been gulped down undigested.

Many people, now eating more vegetable meals, have the idea that vegetables are more easily digested than meat. This is not so. On the contrary, the stomach of man is more akin to that of carnivorous beasts, and while meat is comparatively easy for the juices to digest, given a fair chance, vegetables present a more formidable task, and certain vegetable fibres cannot be digested and are therefore only helpful from an intestine-massaging and cleansing point of view.

Do not make the mistake of swallowing vegetables without proper concentration on mastication, especially greens and raw salads. The feeling of emptiness which sometimes follows a vegetarian meal if the diners are not seasoned vegetarians, is not caused by any lack of nourishment, but because the food has not been properly digested, and therefore a mild attack of indigestion starts. Of course, undigested, the vegetables cannot give their full nutrition value.

Of the various pains and (Continued on page 65)

War-working readers, their lives full, their time precious, yet refuse to forgo essential beauty care. Their letters, instanced below, all ask for specialised routines to combat occupational wear and tear

"I am a war worker"

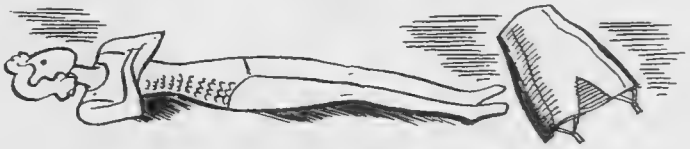
MY EYES ARE ALWAYS STRAINING IN ARTIFICIAL LIGHT . . .

Eyes must have exercises. Send to us for these; they are quickly done. Bathe the eyes regularly with Optrex, or, if unobtainable, with boracic acid. Put herbal bandalettes (1s. each) on your eyes while resting, or for a few minutes before sleeping. Under-eye shadows may flag the need for more sleep, more between-meal glasses of water, more fresh air, more raw carrots. Rest cotton-wool pads soaked in witch-hazel on the shadows.

A few toning exercises may help to clear up the internal condition, promote healthy circulation and remove the shadows.

I SIT EIGHT HOURS A DAY AND FEEL MY HIPS SPREADING . . .

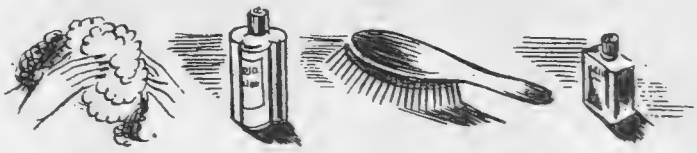
One habit will give you the best all-round massage possible, outside of a salon. Learn to roll, night and morning. Lie straight on the floor, on your back, arms folded over your chest for protection, knees held straight. From your back, roll on to your left side and over on to your stomach. Roll back to first position and then over to your right side and stomach—keeping as straight as a pencil. Repeat from side to side. Five minutes



night and morning is not long to mould those odd bumps and spreading curves into a figure of mannequin compactness. Do not neglect to wear a good corset.

ALWAYS UNDER A CAP, MY HAIR IS BECOMING IMPOSSIBLE . . .

Shampoo at least once a fortnight. On pre-shampoo night, soak scalp with a rich, medicinal oil (price 4s.). Massage it well in for 15 minutes, and shampoo in morning, with a cream tonic shampoo (price 5s. 6d.). The daily routine of brushing with a clean brush, and massaging with scalp-moving vigour, needs stressing. Two other preparations will assist you—a tonic brilliantine that, non-greasy, is perfect for short hair, fine hair and



under-cap wear (price 5s. 6d.); a Vitality Setting lotion if you set your hair. This is a tonic as well as a setting agent, price 6s. 9d.

MY HANDS DO DIRTY WORK ALL DAY, NAILS ARE BREAKING . . .

You may still be able to get some castor oil, vaseline or lanoline ointment. Heat. Saturate your hands with it and leave on overnight under old gloves. Do this once a week. On other nights use a camphor hand cream (price 6s. 9d.), and after washing use a green hand-smoothing lotion (price 6s. 9d.). Rozalex "invisible glove" cream, applied before dirty work, forms a film which keeps dirt from ingraining the hands. Zixt is an excellent

dirty-worker's hand soap. Keep your nails short. Smear a little nourishing cream into them at night. Take calcium tablets to build up your nail strength.

MY SKIN WAS MY PRIDE, NOW IT IS SALLOW, MUDDY . . .

Even if you eat at canteens and cannot get salads each day, chew a young carrot now and then, and get the water-between-meals habit. Even if you work indoors, do five minutes' toning exercises near the window or take a brisk walk, once a day. Take a saline in the morning to avoid liverishness and sluggishness. Use a good face mask once a fortnight. Cleanse and nourish and tone the skin regularly. If your skin is dry, use

skin-food once a day, either during your hot bath or at night. Your foundation should be chosen to your skin condition.

BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS.

CLOTHES

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

A good suit, centrepiece of this page, is the centrepiece of most well-considered wardrobes. It is durable, ever appropriate, versatile as the English weather. Among your clothes, it holds the place held in your affections by a dearly loved and reliable friend. Such a suit is photographed here, with groups of accessories for different times and places. The suit itself is a Harella, a smooth little tailored job, slickly casual in dark-grey flannel. The coat has high revers, flap pockets, an easy fit. The skirt has spaced pleats back and front. Peter Robinson, £7 17s. 6d.

① COUNTRY ACCESSORIES. Wine felt hat, wine-ribbed woollen sweater, grained calf navy shoes, piped with wine. All from Lillywhites.

② EVERYDAY TOWN WEAR. Green felt high-crowned hat, pierced with a long pheasant feather from John Lewis. Green silk shirt with an attractive tucked front from Bourne and Hollingsworth. Grained calf handled handbag from Dolcis. Tan calf shoes with thonged fronts and lowish heels from Dickins and Jones.

③ DRESS-UP DAYS. A black felt bonnet—yes, a bonnet—edged with black satin, trimmed with black satin bows, from Bourne and Hollingsworth. White blouse with little stand-up collar and gold embroidery trims from John Lewis. Black felt handbag with thonged sides and black suede high-heeled shoes, narrowly piped with calf, from Dolcis.

C. C. 41

By now, the words " Utility Clothes " have settled down comfortably into shopping language. Women who have handled and are wearing these clothes are satisfied that, despite the word " utility," which led them to anticipate dreary uniform garments, these clothes, made to Government specification, priced by Government control, are well styled, well made, and offer the widest choice of fabric, cut and colour. They are unbelievably good value, truly inexpensive. Prices may vary, according to the shop and the district, but there is a maximum controlled price for every garment, and no retailer can exceed it. To women used to round figures in pounds or guineas, or the long-familiar something and elevenpence, the new prices will seem strange, but you will soon get used to such markings as 95/2 (maximum price for a coat), 73/7 (top price for a woollen dress). The clothes on this page are all marked " C.C. 41," the tab which identifies Government-controlled utility clothes.

① Black woollen shirt-waist frock with three-quarter sleeves, pleats front and back of the skirt, a rakish red and white spot bow at throat. 63/10.

② Grey striped with red in a fine worsted-like fabric, with good square shoulders, a wide waistband, large flap red-edged pockets, their bulk somehow adding slimness. 47/11.

③ Horizontal tucks form a yoke to a woollen shirtwaist, with a neat collar, pocket flap trims, a snug waist. In various blues, rust, sage and grey. 63/10.

④ Two-colour white-spotted marocain, dark in the main, light for the draped cross-over top and the full-fronted skirt section. The shaped corselette waistband ties at back. Colours : navy and turquoise, navy and fuchsia, black and red, navy and green. 47/11.

⑤ An elegant woollen coat with wide armholes marked with seaming, slightly bell sleeves. The collarless front turns back to form revers, has patch pockets. 83/11.

Hand-Knitteds With Long Futures

MATERIALS

9 ozs. La Laine 3-ply Navy; a little blue and cyclamen wool for edges; 15 buttons; 2 press studs; Nos. 9 and 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 20 ins.; length, 19 ins.

TENSION

9 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 136 st. with No. 9 needles. Work 1 row k., then start pattern as follows:

1st row.—* K. 2 tog., but do not s. off needle. K. again into first st. and s. both st. off. Work next 2 st. in same manner. P. 2; repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row.—* P. 4, k. 2; repeat from * to end.

These 2 rows are repeated throughout. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of 10th row and every 6th row after, until there are 156 st. Work straight until side seams are 9 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 110 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of next 12 rows, leaving 38 st. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 70 st. Work as back for 9 rows. Now increase on one edge on next and every 6th row 10 times. Work straight until side seams are 9 ins. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row until there are 57 st. Work straight until armhole is 6½ ins. round curve. Cast off 10 st. at neck. K. 2 tog. at neck edge (Continued on p. 64)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; wl. fwd. = wool forward; wl. round = wool round.

MATERIALS

1 oz. Copley Smith's 2-ply Excelsior in purple; 1 oz. in medium pink; 2 ozs. in pale pink. No. 9 needles; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS (For larger sizes, see end)

Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.; length, 18 ins.

TENSION

7 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Cast on 92 st. in purple and work as follows:

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2 tog., wl. round, p. 1; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 2 (right side).

2nd row.—* P. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 1; repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 2. This pattern is repeated throughout, and stripes are worked by using purple for 4 rows, medium pink for 4 rows, and pale pink for 8 rows. When there are 4 ins. worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 122 st. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 92 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 36 st. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 72 st. in purple and work pattern as back for 2 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until side seams are 4 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 st. Cast off. (Continued on p. 64)

NEW ORDER

This year spring titivating will want all our concentration and quite a lot of skill. Somehow we have to banish shabbiness without the usual means of replacement and we must charm away winter dirt and fustiness with short supplies of cleaning material and, for many of us, very little help.

It shouldn't be beyond the powers of the resourceful housewife to meet the problems and to emerge from them with a clean, bright and stimulating home, refreshed for the summer months.

The three rooms photographed here below have been titivated in various simple ways. Apart from the annual routine cleaning they have been changed about a little and given a few telling additions, which may prove an inspiration for your own spring-cleaning campaign.

The Kitchen

The problems of fuel and domestic labour being what they are, the owner of this kitchen has decided to make more use of the kitchen for family meals.

The walls were discoloured and rather dirty, so with admirable initiative, she re-colour-washed them herself. This is a task within the powers of any amateur.

To reduce cleaning, she decided to banish cream paint. This she did by rubbing down the woodwork with sandpaper and staining it.

This makes the kitchen a little darker, but cosier.

To remove stains from the sink, the tiles around the boiler, and from all the enamelled wear of the kitchen which become stained or burned in daily use, she applied Parazone. This is an invaluable bleaching agent which whitens and disinfects with ease and certainty and can be used for whitewood tables, other kitchen utensils, as well as the family wash.

Fresh cretonne curtains were made from a discarded bedcover to replace the old ones, which were badly worn.

Every pot and utensil that could be stored out of sight is now stacked in the cupboard beside the fireplace, or in a smaller cupboard not shown.

Family breakfast and the midday meal are taken now in this kitchen, with a consequent saving of work and fuel.

Sitting-room

A different colour-scheme and a fresh arrangement of the furniture have given this sitting-room a new interest, and a more suitable lay-out for the summer months to come. The change-over began with a fresh coat of distemper for the walls, transforming them from cream to soft grey. The curtains of cotton damask which were, originally, beige, have been sent to the dyers and are now a rich plum colour.

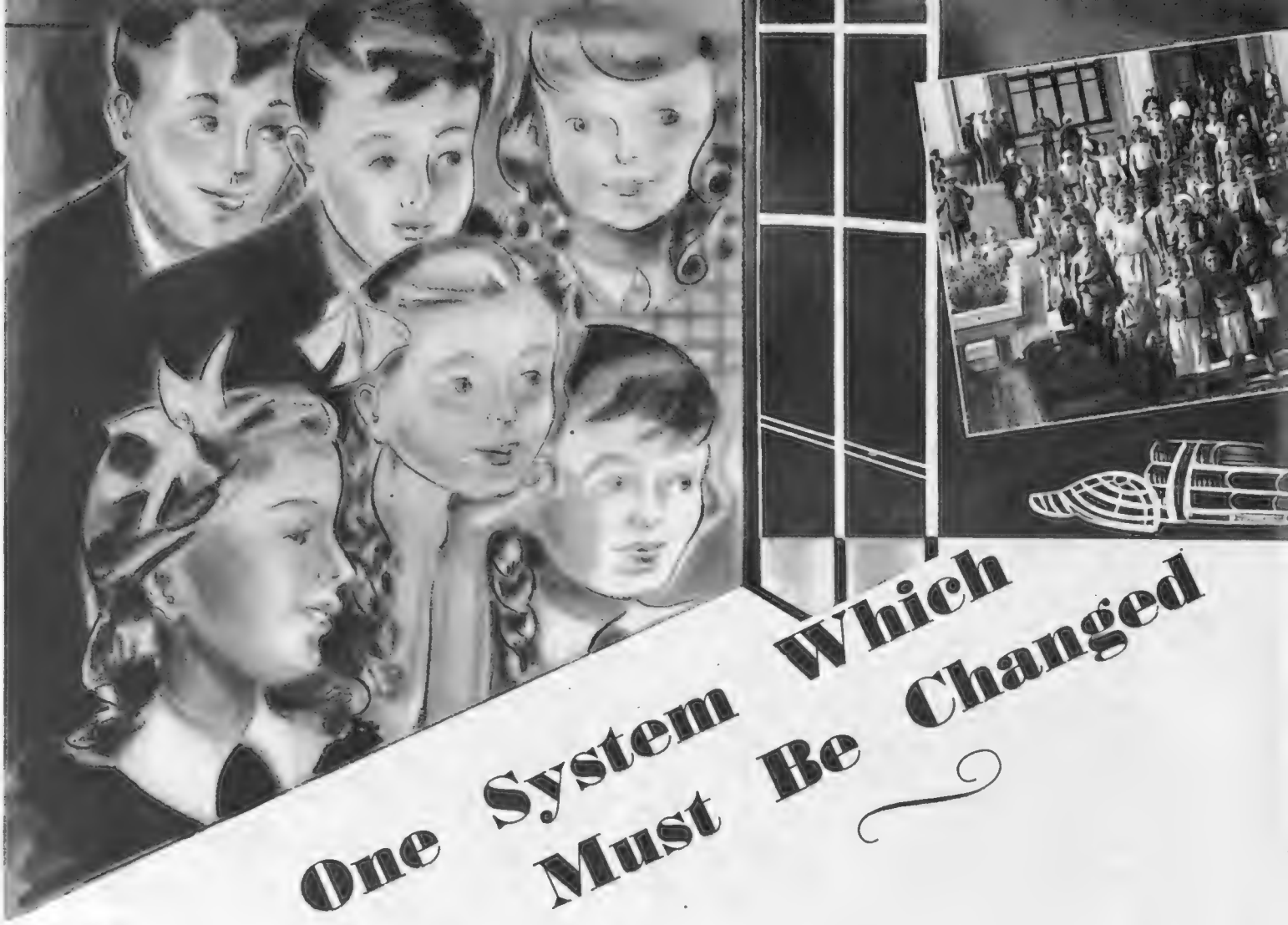
Big easy chairs, upholstered in wool frieze of blue with green and purple colouring remain as before, but have been removed from the fireside and arranged nearer the windows. The wing chair gives a balanced grouping around the fireplace.

Bedroom

Beautiful old furniture is the special pride of this bedroom. The walls are panelled in cream and these were washed down with hot water and turpentine. The walnut furniture was washed free of dirt and grease. Then it was washed over with a chamois-leather wrung out in tepid water to which a tablespoonful of vinegar had been added and polished dry with a soft duster to restore the glossy texture.

New cretonne curtains with a blue and cyclamen design on a pale green ground were the only new outlay. These are lined for black-out with dark-green twill. Extra material was allowed to add a valance of cretonne to the existing bedcovers of pale green artificial silk damask. A narrow fringe covers the join between the valance and the top.

Spots were cleaned from the fitted carpet with a solution of methylated spirit and ammonia.



One System Which Must Be Changed

As the vast tentacles of this war unfold and the problems to come are thrown into greater relief, the world is learning the full significance of education.

Some believe that the new world can only be shaped by first banishing illiteracy from the earth. Psychological research combined with the demands of present-day life point more and more to the necessity of relating education to the laws of mental development.

In any case, the future of education in this country is a subject of deep interest to parents and to all who believe that problems to come can only be met by the intelligent participation of the individual, irrespective of outworn social and financial distinctions.

It is a fact that our present educational system leaves much to be desired. Free elementary education as it stands to-day is of a standard inferior to what average parents, ambitious for the future of their children, recognise as an essential preliminary to a commercial career. Secondary and higher education is still too costly for the masses, who, even before the war, found it increasingly difficult to maintain a reasonable standard of living.

An outline of the structure of the English educational system makes it easier to detect the weaknesses in our present method, and to formulate a plan for the future.

A Government department operating under the title of the Board of Education is the central authority for education in England and Wales. This body does not own nor directly control any educational institution, but acts in an advisory capacity to the Free Council Schools; the Free Voluntary Schools (provided mainly by religious bodies), Publicly Aided Secondary Schools, Special Schools and Vocational Training Centres.

The Board of Education does not prescribe subjects to be taught nor the methods of teaching. It does not appoint teachers, nor pay them. All these functions are fulfilled by local public education authorities, who, in turn, refer matters of procedure to a Local Education Committee which is recruited from members of local councils and other persons interested in educational affairs.

It can be inferred from this that a cohesive education policy throughout the State is lacking, for although the Board of Education functions with considerable imagination in its advisory capacity, the local school authority is under no obligation to avail itself of the facilities offered.

Head teachers are free to adopt a policy of organisation and instruction which seems best to them in their own schools. No official instructions relating to procedure, text-books or teaching methods are enforced, although these are available.

It would be unfair to individual teachers to deny that this freedom of action is interpreted, in many cases, in the most conscientious way. It would be just as wrong to deny that, as a matter of general policy, the system is open to abuse.

In short, the standard of instruction in the elementary school is dependent upon the conscientiousness, the ability and the initiative of the head teacher and of the Local Authority, whose knowledge of educational affairs in very many instances may well be of the slenderest kind.

No doubt the system is better adapted to the circumstances of towns and large communities, but it can and does penalise the rural populations, where financial and other resources of the Local Authority are insufficient for the task.

In London, under the protection of the London County Council, there were new elementary schools coming into operation before the war that were veritable beacons of hope in the darkness of our educational system. The same cannot, alas, be said of many rural districts, where, for a variety of reasons, headed by shortage of funds and public apathy, educational institutions are sometimes primitive beyond conception.

Ramshackle school-houses, primitive sanitation, inadequate heating and standards of instruction that disgrace a progressive civilisation still exist in many rural districts of England and Wales.

The Voluntary School system, splendid as its work has been in the past, when the State was backward in the provision of free educational facilities, can hardly survive if a cohesive policy of State control is to come. There are 10,550 Voluntary Free Schools in England and Wales under the protection of the Church of England

Russian children leaving one of the magnificent schools in the Soviet. Russians believe the citizen of the future is created in their schools

Vocationally biased schools, on the model of the Scandinavian, on to which the older pupils pass from the primary school, are worth consideration

Here is the domestic science room of a girls' high school in California, a typical, rural, consolidated school erected by the Public Works administration in a school building programme costing 464,000,000 dollars

and the Roman Catholic Church, as well as other charitable bodies. The excellence of their services, both past and present, is not in question, but it is a serious indictment of our system that such a huge volume of free education should still be of charitable origin.

The Free Scholarship has brought higher education within the reach of many talented boys and girls of the poorer classes in this country during recent years, but we must work for a more liberal interpretation of this policy. Too many scholarships awarded from the Elementary Schools are turned down by parents for the reason that they cannot even afford the clothing and the travelling expenses which attendance at a secondary school involves.

One other factor is that, in poorer homes, the school-leaving age is anticipated with eagerness, bringing as it does a new wage-earner into the family circle. Many potentially brilliant students have had to forgo the chances of higher education because of economic demands at home, and thereby an entry into a new world of opportunity. It should be one of our first tasks to see that no such consideration can, in future, stand in the way of gifted youngsters.

What we have to plan for, then, is an improved standard of free education under a central control responsible for a national policy and a prescribed standard of instruction. Elementary education between the ages of five and eleven must be followed by State secondary education from eleven to fourteen.

In this connection we can take some useful instruction from the Scandinavian countries, who, for some years before the war, had been experimenting with conspicuous success with Compulsory Continuation Schools.

Under this plan, children who leave the Primary or Elementary schools after completing the six-year course are obliged, unless they are taking instruction in some other approved school, to attend a Continuation School for two years. That is, from thirteen to fifteen approximately.

These schools are housed as a rule in the Primary Schools and operate in the evenings or by agreement with the employers, who are compelled to allow time off for the young people to attend the classes.

There are two types of Continuation School in Sweden. The "General" is framed to provide further education for young people and to make them more fitted to assume their places as active members of the community.

Special Repetition courses of instruction are provided to meet the case of those whose abilities have proved below the average or even so low as to have prevented their taking the final School-Leaving Certificate.

A special Act of Parliament gives the Local Authority the right in these cases to prolong the Compulsory Continuation Course until the pupil is eighteen. The course is designed to consolidate the structure laid in the Primary School rather than to build further upon it.

The second type of Continuation Course is called the "Vocationally-Biased," which embraces the same foundation for civic life as the "General," but is designed also to serve as a preparation for various forms of practical employment.

The pupils of both types of Continuation School are expected to pass a leaving examination, entitling them to a certificate. Employers of labour are expected to ask for the production of the Continuation School-Leaving Certificate from the young people they engage.

That is a plan upon which we might well base our own educational future and, by uniting it with an imaginative system of State Secondary Education, produce a race of super men and women to deal with the problems of world reconstruction.

THE NIGHT-LIFE OF A BABY

It starts with lights-out after the 6 p.m. feed. At 10 p.m. the baby is awakened to a world of lights, bottles, clean nappies and a little pot. Then he drops off to sleep again for a good eight hours until the 6 a.m. feed tells him the day has begun.

The best way to keep baby quietly slumbering is to wrap him, cocoon-like, in a small shawl, so that his arms and hands are held by his sides, unable to fly up in his sleep and disturb or scratch his face. There may be a little mumbled argument about this at first, but he will soon realise that for the first few months hands are rather a nuisance if left loose at night.

If he is restless, look to his diet. Many babies will cry early in the morning because they are not having sufficient nutriment, and are feeling hungry; or they may be having a little digestion trouble because they are being overfed.

With no digestion trouble, no little rashes that need soothing, no pricking safety-pins, tucked cosily up, he should not cry. If he cries for no reason, make him realise that lungs were not provided that he may call attention as he pleases and—no matter how it may rack the family nerves for the first night or so—let him cry it out. He will soon learn that it is a thankless effort.

You will have to go in to him just to make certain that everything is all right at first, but while looking him over tell him that he is misbehaving, that this is the hour of sleep, then scoldingly make your exit and leave him to it. He will know from your tone that he is being reprimanded.

A baby should be held out regularly after every meal from one month or earlier; in this way you can keep day napkins dry at quite an early age, but night napkins will be needed until he is two or three years old. This does not mean that you can neglect the late-night hold-out.

When baby is old enough—five or six months, dependent upon his development—the 10 p.m. feed is given later and later for a few nights and then discontinued entirely. Soon after that, the 6 a.m. feed comes later until it gradually reaches the normal breakfast-hour.

From then on your baby is a member of the adult household as far as his night-life is concerned.

Good Friday Scallops

Apricot and Cinnamon Fingers

By Harriet Muir

Spring Vegetables Are In

TURNIP TOPS WITH CHEESE

Take 1½ lb. turnip tops for 4 people. Wash in several waters and remove any coarse stalks. Shake off surplus moisture and put in a saucepan with 1 or 2 oz. fat and 1 teaspoonful salt. No water is needed. Put lid on pan and cook 10 minutes or so, shaking occasionally.

Drain, put in baking tin, cover with grated cheese and hot up quickly under the grill.

PURPLE SPROUTING BROCCOLI

Don't serve this delicately-flavoured greenstuff mashed up like restaurant cabbage. Instead, tie the sprigs in bundles like asparagus and cook slowly in an earthenware casserole in a very little water, with salt and pepper. (Lid on, of course; it will take about 25 minutes.)

Drain, and serve very hot, with melted margarine. Or instead of margarine—cheese sauce, using ¼ pint each household milk and vegetable water, 1 oz. flour, ¼ oz. margarine and 2 oz. grated cheese.

YOUNG NETTLES ON TOAST

Young nettle tops, picked with gloved hands, are a healthy spring vegetable. As with turnip tops, you need a lot. They boil down considerably.

Wash very thoroughly. Fill a saucepan with them, just shaking out moisture and adding no other water. Put on lid and boil. If very young, this should take only 10 minutes. When tender, drain and rub through sieve. Add margarine, salt and pepper, beat up and serve on toast.

SPRING CABBAGE IN CASSEROLE

2 small spring cabbages.
Salt and pepper.
1 cup household milk.

This is a dish to cook when the oven is in use. Partly cook the cabbages in a little water for about 10 minutes. Then put in a casserole with enough liquid almost to cover them, using half milk and half liquid in which cabbages were parboiled. Add salt and pepper, cover closely and cook for about ¾ hour in a moderate oven.

DANDELION LEAVES

. . . can be cooked and served in the same way as nettle tops.

Or use them, nice and young—especially good if each plant is blanched for a week or so under a flower pot—with watercress, lettuce, endive or shredded raw cabbage to make a green salad.

GOOD FRIDAY SCALLOPS

2 teacups cooked salt cod (flaked).
¼ pint white sauce.
Dash of anchovy essence.
Browned wheatmeal breadcrumbs.
Grated cheese.
1 oz. margarine. Pepper.

Add the fish to the hot sauce, with anchovy and pepper. Mix well over the fire. Pour the mixture into scallop shells, scatter crumbs and cheese over, dot with thin slivers of margarine and brown under the grill. Serve with a green salad and wheatmeal toast.

Canned salmon or other cooked fish can be used.

GRILLED BRILL OR BREAM

Fish weighing about 2 lb.
Salt and pepper.
3 tablespoonfuls oil.
Mixed herbs and bayleaf.
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar.
2 spring onions and a few parsley stalks (chopped).
Parsley to garnish.

Mix all ingredients except fish and garnishing, and put in this marinade the fish, which you have scored with 3 or 4 cuts on each side. Leave for an hour, turning occasionally. Drain, put under the grill and when cooked serve garnished with parsley.

SAVOURY MACKEREL

2 large mackerel.
A little salad oil or fat.
Salt and pepper.
1 tablespoonful chopped chervil and 1 tablespoonful chopped onion (optional).

Wipe fish thoroughly dry and split it down the back. Brush thinly with oil or melted fat and season with salt and pepper. Grill split side first and then the back, doing it quickly on both sides before lowering heat. Allow about 20 minutes. Lay fish skin side down on a hot serving dish and scatter mixed onion and chervil thickly over.

MIXED KEBAB

A choice of these—scraps of raw liver, chicken's liver, bacon, mutton; Spam or other canned meat; kidney; mushrooms, slices of onion; cooked prunes; bayleaf; sprinkling of curry powder, ground ginger, salt and pepper. Boiled rice.

This is a grand way of using those oddly assorted bits and pieces which are apt to arrive as make-weights for the meat ration. Take 4 skewers and spear a mixture of tasty morsels. For instance, a 1-inch cube of liver, then a piece of bayleaf, then a cube of fat bacon, then a prune, repeating *da capo* and *ad lib.* until skewer is full. Sprinkle with a little curry powder and salt and pepper. Grill, turning frequently. Serve one skewer for each

Scalloped Vegetables

GRILLING

Saves Fat, Fuel And Flavour

Intelligently used, the grill saves fat by taking the place of the frying pan ; saves fuel by taking the place of the oven for certain dishes.

Kippers, herrings, sprats, sausages and so on can go on the grill-grid without any fat at all. Grill bacon, and the fat drops into the drip-tin beneath the grid, and instead of being scorched as in the frying pan it is clean and ready to be used again.

Other things, like chops, liver, white fish, need only be brushed over with oil or a little melted fat before going under the grill.

Rissoles, croquettes and fish cakes can go under the grill, too. Make them flatter than the usual shape, so that they heat through quickly. Incidentally, grilled food is more digestible than fried.

Both gas and electricity authorities recommend the use of the grill to save fuel on days when you are not making full use of your oven space and intend to cook only a single dish which with a little ingenuity might be adapted for quick grilling. Average grilling time runs about twenty minutes from start to finish.

Put a saucepan of vegetables or a kettle of water on top of the grill as soon as it is lighted or switched on ; never waste the heat above the grill.

Keep the bars of the grid shining clean, and grease them lightly if meat or fish is to be laid on them.

Dry fish or meat thoroughly, then brush with salad oil or melted fat, and season with salt and pepper, before grilling. Bacon and sausages need no other fat but their own, however. Prick or split sausages.

Turn meat or fish frequently with a knife or spoon, or with a fork run into the fat of the meat. On no account stick a knife or fork into the flesh ; this lets the juices out.

Cook both sides for a few minutes under full heat to seal the juices before turning down the heat to finish cooking.

person on an individual plate of hot rice. Ready-cooked rice can be reheated under the grill in a colander. Stir rice up with a spoon to let heat through and prevent burning.

SCALLOPS IN SHELL

4 scallops; 3 oz. margarine;
Breadcrumbs; Salt and pepper.

There are many more elaborate ways of cooking scallops, but this is easiest and best. You get the full flavour of the shellfish. Wash scallops well and remove black parts. Put each in a deep shell, adding dabs of margarine and seasoning. Scatter breadcrumbs over and grill, placing the shells in the bottom of the drip pan. They will take about twenty minutes.

LENTIL CUTLETS

¼ lb. lentils; 2 heaped tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs;
1 oz. margarine; 2 tablespoonfuls tomato sauce;
Pinch mixed herbs; Salt and pepper;
Milk and crumbs for coating.

Wash lentils and soak overnight. Put in a pan with water to cover and cook till tender. Strain and mash. Add margarine, tomato sauce, herbs, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Stir well. Turn on to a board, and when cool shape into flat cutlets. Brush with milk, roll in browned crumbs and cook under the grill.

CORNED BEEF CAKES

8 oz. corned beef; 1 small cupful browned crumbs;
1 dessertspoonful flour; 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley;
8 oz. mashed potato; 1 Oxo cube;
Small piece fat.

Dissolve the Oxo cube in a cupful of hot water, and allow to cool. Flake the meat, and mix it with the parsley and potato and half the crumbs. Melt the fat, blend the flour with it, cook a few minutes and then stir in the Oxo stock. Cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Bind the meat mixture with this sauce, adding seasoning if necessary. Shape into flat cakes, roll in crumbs and cook under the grill.

SAUSAGE PATTIES WITH SPRING ONION SAUCE

¾ lb. American pork sausage meat; 1½ cupfuls browned bread-crumbs;
¾ lb. mashed potato; Juice from the can of sausage meat.
1 dessertspoonful cornflour;

Fork up the sausage meat and mix it with the potato and two-thirds of the crumbs. Mix cornflour with sausage meat juice and cook until it thickens. Blend with the meat mixture. Form into flat patties, roll in crumbs and grill.

FOR THE SAUCE

Small bunch of spring onions; ¾ pint water;
Nut of margarine; 1 oz. flour;
Salt and pepper.

Cook the onions (green part included) in the water, and chop. Blend the flour with a little of the onion liquor, beat up the rest of the liquid again, add the blended flour and stir till boiling. Add margarine, seasoning and chopped onion. Serve in a sauceboat with the patties.

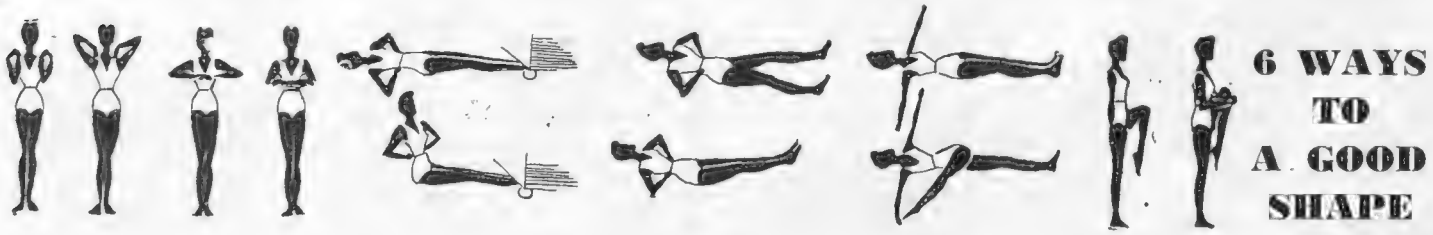
We're Wearing It Shorter

It was inevitable that shoulder-length hair, ever tricky to maintain in gleaming neatness, should yield to the useful charm of shorter hair again. Long hair was never anything but a young-girl style, and young girls in uniform, compelled to keep hair from touching collars, and young girls working in factories with big machines around, have found it unserviceable and inconvenient. So, like everything else, hair is edited and fitted into the new conditions of living. The three-inch-all-over cut, long advocated by the best hair stylers, is versatile and becoming to all ages.

Meg Scott, of South Molton Street, designed the style at the left. Resourceful fingers could comb and brush it around in many different positions. The front short hair forms a fringe-roll high along the hair line. Sides sweep back and roll flatly under. The back is brushed smooth, and the ends, first set into many snail-curls, are combed into two rows of large, flat curls, with an extra one here and there for good shaping. The whole is compact and fits the head snugly, like a cosy hat. If you cannot get to a hairdresser, it should be easy to do yourself. Passenger women who moan that they can't do a thing with their own hair are out of drawing in these times.

Hands that have grown nimbler on precision work should make easy going of this dressy version of the shorter hair style. The casual fringe and fluffed-up back and sides are achieved by setting the front hair in rows of snail-curls, and the graded lengths of the back into rows and rows of curls until your hairpins run out. Brush the sides back tight and curl the ends flatly, with an upward twist. Brush out when dry, twist back and fringe into large loose curls. Smooth sides flatly into combs or clips, and roll curled ends over them.

This is the easiest of all styles for a shortish cut. Service women find it ace-wear beneath caps. Right round the head, pin the ends in rows of snail-curls, keeping the front row near the hair line to give body to roll. Comb out and turn over, pulling the roll into place. Once the hair is cut to this new length, and well permed, it can go without professional attention for three months. Then it should be properly cut again. Your own service in brushing, scalp massaging oiling, airing, will keep it bright and healthy.



6 WAYS TO A GOOD SHAPE

1 Stand erect, fingertips to shoulders, arms pressed well back. Keeping fingertips on shoulders raise elbows as high as possible over head. Lower. Repeat several times.

2 Extend arms in front, elbows bent, left hand clasping inside of right wrist, right hand clasping outside of left wrist. Keeping elbows at right angles to body, slowly slide hands along arms until elbows are clasped.

3 Lie flat on floor, hands on hips, feet under heavy piece of furniture. Slowly, keeping head pressed well back, raise body from waist and press forward as far as possible. Slowly lower body to ground again. Repeat.

4 Lie flat on floor, hands on hips. Raise left leg nine inches from ground. Hold it there. Raise right leg to meet left. Keeping both nine inches off ground, swing them apart, lower four inches, bring them together and then lower to floor. Repeat.

5 Lie flat on back, hands outstretched at sides at right angles to body. Swing left leg over until left toe touches right hand, swing leg back. Repeat with right leg touching left hand. Repeat to alternate sides.

6 Standing perfectly straight, raise left knee as high as possible (keeping toes pointed). Clasp knee in hands and press still higher and closer to your diaphragm. Repeat with alternate legs.

Harella salutes the spring with this new suit, most cunningly contrived in pure worsted chalk-stripe flannel. Note the trim easiness of its cut and the clever pocket-plan. That flattering fit and inspiration of design appear in all Harella suits and coats, utilities included. All the best-known fashion stores feature Harella tailoreds, so you'll find them near at hand. In case of difficulty, write to L. Harris Limited, at their new showrooms, 243 Regent Street, London, W.1

Protection for the family...

and 'extra value' for coupons...

Everyone in the family likes Wright's and can use it. Its healthy fragrance tells its own 'protection-from-infection' story. Quickly and thoroughly it cleanses and tones the skin. Economically it serves as an all-purpose bath-and-toilet soap. Doctors add their recommendation to its solid reputation built up on 75 years' family acceptance.

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

THE WRIGHT SOAP FOR THE FAMILY RATION

One tablet - one coupon

7½d. per tablet (purchase tax included)

How To Be A Good Shopper To-day

THE worst aspect of wartime shopping is the appalling amount of time it takes; time which might be diverted to useful war work. A Ration Purchasing Pool is an idea worth considering. If several friends and neighbours got together and formed a pool for ration shopping, keeping a rota so that each member took her turn, time would be saved, not only for the shoppers but for the assistants as well. Overcrowding in the food departments would be considerably lessened.

Why not get husbands into the pool? If your husband goes up to the city every day, and you use a little tact with him, his co-operation should be assured.

I know of more than one husband who shops brilliantly for his wife in his luncheon hour. The side streets in the city abound in small food shops, and here are to be found points tins and a variety of unrationed foodstuffs that are seldom seen in residential and evacuation areas.

In the big city markets there is usually a better choice of fish, game and vegetables than is to be found in any part of the country. Once your husband has made friends with some of the cheerful market folk, he will enjoy these excursions.

A really useful wartime job for the housewife would be to form a Help the Workers Club in her district, each member of which would pledge herself to shop for a factory worker or a business woman, who finds it not only difficult, but exhausting, after a long shift, to shop for herself.

I live in the country and work three days a week in London. I have a system which I find works well in a busy life.

My rations are bought for me weekly by a friend in the village who also shops for several others, who have no transport. In return for this service, I work from a list which she gives me from time to time, and, when in town, I buy the odd tin, a pair of stockings, or perhaps something a little out of the way which is unobtainable locally.

Incidentally, I never stir out without my string shopping bag and some housekeeping money, kept apart for the purpose. Bitter experience has taught me that the way to miss a good thing is to say: "Oh, I can't buy that *now*, I'll go back to the shop another day."

I and my family of three are registered with three different shops. While this entails more bother than being all registered at one place, the system gives me a chance of getting some lean bacon instead of all fat, brown as well as white sugar, a variety of teas for a tea-choosy family, and, when cheese runs out at one shop, I can get a bit to go on with at another.

Once a week I comb through one of the stores, either in London or at our nearest big town, for myself and my friends.

Intelligent anticipation is the way to eliminate some of the worry of wartime shopping. By that, I do not mean hoarding.

For instance, if you do not need a suit or dress this spring, try to spare sufficient coupons to buy a length of material to put by. Quality and quantity in everything (but especially in clothing materials) are unlikely to improve until after the war and may considerably deteriorate.

I have spent more coupons on shoes than anything else, always with the fact in mind that leather and style are hardly likely to get better as the war goes on.

I never pass a haberdashery counter without keeping a sharp lookout for such things as hairpins, needles, tape, cotton and mendings.

The psychological angle of the shoppers' relation to the shopkeeper or assistant is worth a little study at all times, but especially now.

The woman who goes into a shop expecting to find nothing, to be kept waiting for half an hour, to have her toes trodden on, convinced in her heart that the shopkeeper is concealing a tit-bit under the counter for Mrs. Smith instead of herself, will probably have all these expectations realised.

But if she smiles on the shopkeeper, even if she goes empty away, and leaves him with the thought that one patron, at least, knows that his lot is harder than the lot of any of his clamouring customers, she will be considered and specially remembered the next time anything extra good comes his way.

Of course, the woman who telephones her orders, except in cases of extreme urgency, deserves to have her telephone muzzled. I have seen a queue of shoppers, many of them tired factory workers, wait impatiently while the assistant was sent scurrying away by a peevish voice over the wire demanding to speak to the proprietor, also busy serving.

Earlier in this article I recommended dispersal tactics for your rationed goods shopping. Close formation work, however, are the tactics to adopt with your chemist. Cling to one chemist for everything that you need in his line and he will tip you off when anything special comes along; a good face powder, perhaps, or talcum, or toilet water or a perfume.

He will take an interest, too, in putting by for you whenever it is possible to do so your own shade of powder or lipstick, instead of pushing over any old thing off the quota.

Let us be nicer, in this third year of war to all the men and women who, under enormous difficulties and with astonishing patience and good cheer, serve us.

The will to win of the housewife may be measured by her good humour in the face of frustration.

4 OUT OF 5 VICTIMS OF PYORRHOEA!

Guard against it— *THIS EASY WAY!*

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhœa). Daily use of Forhans will eradicate these gum affections — used in time, prevent them altogether.

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Owing to the large demand we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied.

We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles.

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ORIGINAL TABLET WHILE IT LASTS 5D
(PRICES INCLUDE TAX)

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STATE EXPRESS 555

FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY STATE EXPRESS 555 HAVE MAINTAINED THEIR REPUTATION AS THE WORLD'S FINEST CIGARETTES.

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From carrying trays

To carrying messages

Out in all weathers . . . tanned, healthy and enjoying life, instead of long, tiring, airless hours in a restaurant . . . *She's* one of the people who may no longer need

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

The Screen's New Clowns

(*Continued from page 17*)

everything to them is one great big joke. Lou Costello became known in vaudeville as "The Ba-a-d Boy!" He always said of himself: "I'm a ba-a-ad boy!" and declares it dates back to his early school days when his teacher ordered him to write "I'm a bad boy" twenty-five times on the blackboard, and repeat the words out loud each time he wrote them.

Bud (William) Abbott has a catch phrase, too; he is known hither and yon as the "Hi-ya, Neighbour!" fellow. That's his invariable greeting to every one in sight. Lou Costello was born in a small town near New York, of Irish-Italian parentage. Bud Abbott was born under a circus tent at Atlantic City; his father worked for the Ringling Brothers, and his mother was a star bareback rider for that famous circus. Bud worked at every kind of back-stage job there is, before he met Lou Costello, and concocted a comedy act for them both.

Their first film, resulting from their popularity on the air and in vaudeville, was *One Night in the Tropics*. They stole the whole show, and Universal rushed them at once in *Buck Privates*, which many people think is funnier than Chaplin's best comedies. Since that, all inside a few months, Abbott and Costello have made *In the Navy*, *Hold That Ghost*, and *Keep 'Em Flying*. Now they are going over to M-G-M as top-line stars in the remake of *Rio Rita*.

Bob Hope stands alone among the comics of this world. He does *not* want to play Hamlet! He told me so himself, when I spent a day dashing with him from a sound stage to a radio rehearsal, back to the sound stage, then off to a hospital, followed by four other "benefit" shows for different charities, back to the sound stage, and finally into the radio studio again, to clean up certain smudgy points for his next broadcast. The man has more energy than a dozen ordinary people put together. He is incorrigible, unsquashable; he is ZEST written in huge capitals, a veritable tornado of a man.

Bob was born in London. His family took him off to America when he was still a small child; and very early in life he began to study tap dancing. Amateur boxing engaged his attention for a time, and then he did a dancing act with a partner. Bob went from that to a touring musical comedy, in which he danced, did a black-face act, sang in a quartette, and played the saxophone. If the show had to move on in a hurry, he packed the wardrobe for the company, and also part of the scenery. Months of experience in vaudeville and musical shows followed; then Bob worked out a comedy act on his own, and tried to break in with it.

He grinned when he told me his shoes had holes in them, and he was 4,000 dollars in debt, dining off doughnuts and coffee, before the big break for which he had been waiting came his way. It was as a master of ceremonies that he began to make a name. He played in that famous musical comedy, *Roberta*, on Broadway; so did a tall young man called Fred MacMurray. One day Bob loaned Fred a hat and a walking stick, in order to make a film test for Paramount. To-day, their star dressing-rooms are side by side at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood. The nostalgic song, "Thanks for the Memory" was the thing that put Bob Hope in the money, in pictures. He has made twelve films since then, and will make many more.

Bing Crosby, incidentally, who began by being a soulful-eyed, sob-voiced crooner, has developed into one of the grandest comedians of to-day. Teaming Bing with Bob Hope was an inspiration; and *The Road to Singapore*, followed by *The Road to Zanzibar* proved that as a team they are hard to beat. They'll work together again in the near future.

Red Skelton's real name is Richard; the "Red" comes from his hair, which is a nice crisp crimson. Like Bud Abbott, he belongs to the circus world. His father was a star clown with Hagenbeck and Wallace's circus, and Red thought he would like nothing better than to be a lion tamer when he grew up. That idea vanished when he watched a tiger leap on Clyde Beatty's back one day, during a performance.

Red jumped into show business through a medicine show, in which he drew ten dollars a week and gave the manager dozens of skits he had memorised from watching similar shows in his school days. After two seasons with this show he joined the Hagenbeck Circus, becoming a clown like his father. At sixteen he was doing his own act in vaudeville—the youngest comedian in burlesque shows. And a year later he married. He was in Kansas City playing five shows a day at the Gaiety Theatre. Not content with that, he ran down the street to the Pantages Theatre, and went on for any act that failed to turn up there. Edith Stillwell was an usher at the Pantages Theatre; Red nearly knocked her down in his wild dash, night after night—and then found he was in love with her. She likes Hollywood just as much as he does, to-day.

RED made his first success on the screen in *Having Wonderful Time*. The test Red did for M-G-M, which won him his present starring contract, lasted for fifteen minutes, straight, and is regarded in Hollywood as a classic.

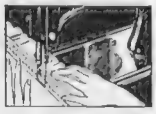
Robert Benchley is not sure whether he is a writer or an actor, these days. He is drama critic for *The New Yorker*; but as he is in Hollywood more than half the time I don't know what happens to that job of his. Walt Disney lured him from the straight-comedy business to the fantasy of *The Reluctant Dragon*, and month by month films come up with some part that screams for Bob Benchley. He plays most of them, and has found time to write five books as well—all of them genuinely funny. He wears a bowler hat nearly all the year round; says he is sunk without it, declares it has versatility, can be worn anywhere except on the golf course, the tennis court, or the yacht—a hat, in short, with a dignity all its own.

Young Mr. Swivel-Tongue, in other words Cliff Nazarro, is about the only actor in Hollywood who is handed his part with all the speeches left blank, and told to go right ahead and say exactly what he wants to say! It was in *Arise, My Love*, with Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, that Cliff Nazarro first exhibited his genius in the direction of "double talk." Mitchell Leisen, directing the film, told Cliff he was supposed to be a photographer; he had to get a picture of Miss Colbert, to give Mr. Milland; he had a big camera, and an assistant, and that was that.

Nazarro built up his own scene; and when it came to the second take the whole thing was different, because he had not the slightest idea what he had said in the first take! But nobody cared, because it was funny, anyhow. Cliff Nazarro introduced the expression "double talk" to the public. It is really a string of meaningless syllables, but Cliff can almost hypnotise audiences into thinking they understand what he is saying by changing the inflections of his voice and using suitable gestures and grimaces. He slurs and slides along so skilfully that he bluffs listeners—which is exactly what he wants.

Rags Ragland was christened John Morgan Lee Ragland; but his nickname came early in life, because it fitted him. He ran errands and sold newspapers, after school; his clothes were ragged, and he was known as "that raggedy Ragland." Before he became a comedian of real worth, Rags did dozens of odd jobs; boxed, drove a truck, helped a projectionist in a film booth, jerked soda in a fountain, was a waiter, practised dance steps, and saw every stage show for which he could wangle a free ticket. Now people are paying big money to see him; and he deserves it.

Marjorie Main was brought up on a farm in Indiana; that must (*Continued on page 48*)



New "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.

With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.

Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rod, hooks for runner rail.

When the lights go up again

"When do you expect new supplies of 'Rufflette' curtain tape?" This is a question the harassed shopkeeper is often asked and is rarely able to answer. He knows he will get his fair share of the restricted output. Even so he still cannot avoid disappointing many of his customers. Of course there'll be ample supplies when the lights go up again .... enough "Rufflette" curtain accessories for every gaily curtained window.

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Makers of 'RUFFLETTE' BRAND

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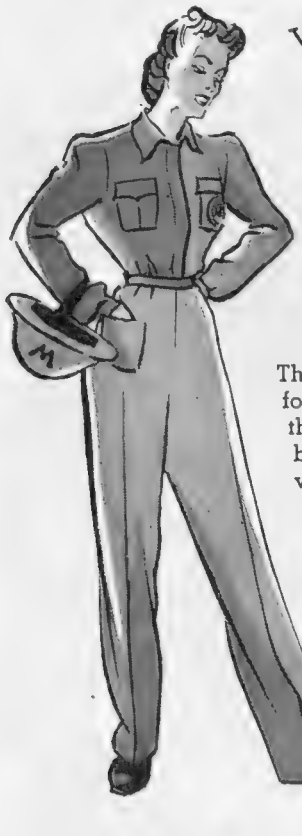
CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

Factories: **MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.**

London Office: **156, Oxford St., W.1.** ***Also*** **British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.**



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DOES THE WOMAN OF ACTION NEED?

The woman who has put her best foot forward on the road to victory asks three things of a shoe—That it should be *serviceable*, a trusted ally in all weathers. That it should be *comfortable*—she's on her feet, all day long. That it should be *good-looking*—she's efficient but never dowdy. All these qualities are combined in NORVIC shoes, which are as good-looking as they're serviceable, and designed on the famous principle of the Braced-Foot Fit—to ensure five-toe freedom from morn to midnight.

★ A stout serviceable shoe in brown grain - - - **26/9**

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THE NORVIC SHOE CO., LTD., NORWICH

PRICES of WESTON BISCUITS

★

SEMI-SWEET BISCUITS (Marie, Osborne, Arrowroot, etc.)	9D. per pound
SWEET SHORT-EATING BISCUITS (Katrine, Nice, Shortcake, etc.)	10D. per pound
JAM SANDWICH BISCUITS	10D. per pound
UNSWEETENED BISCUITS (Fine Water, Thin Lunch, etc.)	8D. per pound
CREAM CRACKERS	10D. per pound
CLIX WAFERS	1/- per pound

Although you want the best quality biscuits there is no need to pay high prices for them. Weston Biscuits are as good as biscuits can be, but they are very reasonable in cost as you see by the list above. Buy them for goodness, buy them for economy. And if you cannot always get them, remember that demand is greater than supply, even though our four factories are working night and day.

THE FINEST POSSIBLE BISCUITS AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

★

Look for the price on the tin, but do not blame the Grocer if the tin is empty.

"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos REG^D

Pronounced See-foss

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

be why she seems so much at home in the tough country-women roles she plays so realistically. What she calls her "file" voice comes from her early habit of shouting sentences at the full pitch of her lungs, in an effort to impress her family with the fact that she wanted to be an actress. Her father was a clergyman, to whom the idea of the stage as a career for his daughter did not appeal at all. But Marjorie shouted herself through various family gatherings, and village "socials" until she became a professional actress. She has been on the screen since 1937, and has played thirty-four screen roles to date. She is the same off the screen as on, voice and all; when somebody asked her what she thinks about clothes she rasped: "I can dress up like society if I have to—but it just ain't comfortable!"

It is very interesting news to hear that Charlie Chaplin is making a 1942 edition of *The Gold Rush*, which is scheduled to be finished soon; when we see it we shall find it four-dimensional in scope, containing the elements of sound, music, speech and silent action. It is grand to know that Chaplin, greatest clown of them all, comes marching at the head of the band of comedians who are working with ceaseless enthusiasm to bring laughter to a sad and tearful world.

END

The Screen's New Clowns

Sailors Can Ride (*Continued from page* 15)

Boer Commando at the beginning of this century.

The choice of costume ranged from the sub-lieutenant's immaculate "rat-catcher," complete with bowler hat, string gloves, white stock, yellow waistcoat and hunting crop to the chaplain's buttoned gaiters which looked suspiciously as though that worthy had been anticipating his promotion to a bishopric. One cheerful soul had not bothered about a suitable rig beyond tucking his trouser bottoms into his socks and adding a pair of bicycle clips; another's breeches had been built for him in days when his figure was more in keeping with his youth and now he walked with a deliberation that betrayed his anxiety for the security of his brace-buttons.

Altogether, a distinguished group whose appearance was too much for the captain. He had come on deck firstly to inquire what the blue Hades was that peculiar smell about the ship and, secondly, to persuade the local inhabitants to hold their cattle fair farther down the jetty. He had quite forgotten the matter of the seventeen horses and stood stock-still whilst his reason persuaded him that his eyes were not playing tricks; then, with a muffled expression which was variously interpreted as good hunting and ditto gracious, he clapped his handkerchief to his nose and went below where he watched the rest of the proceedings from behind the privacy of his scuttle.

THE sailors, too, were fascinated by this strange spectacle. They were supposed to be at gun-cleaning quarters—a daily task which normally kept them pretty busy inside the gun turrets and casemates. To-day, however, the muzzles of the guns and other external fittings seemed to be requiring particular attention.

Many pairs of eyes were levelled surreptitiously on the chaplain's nether garment and a series of muttered whispers conveyed the glad tidings round the ship until even the stokers on watch came on deck to trim the cowls and went away in a dangerous state of suppressed merriment.

Tony looked at his watch. In five minutes time the ship's company would begin their breakfast hour. It would be advisable, he felt, to get going before an audience of several hundred was gathered.

With a "Come on chaps," he lead the way to the gangway and marched down it to the jetty with that same fine disregard of adverse circumstances that all film heroes display when they wander into the crowded encampment of the N'gombi, unarmed and outnumbered.

The others clattered after him.

The arrival of the British officers stimulated the grooms into greater activity and the horses which hitherto had been merely biting at each other playfully, now began to jostle fiercely and in some cases, to indulge in private boxing contests, whereupon the grooms dismounted from their own charges and laid out cheerfully so that the air seemed full of flying hoofs and uncouth noises.

Tony decided that the safest place was on an animal's back and so, without further ado, he grabbed the pommel of the nearest horse and swung himself on its back only to find that he had chosen an animal equipped with a light machine gun and a bag of grenades. He was, therefore, obliged to get down again but his action had inspired his fellows to do likewise. With a great whinnying, creaking and crying, seventeen naval officers found themselves astride of seventeen beasts, whilst seventeen grooms gyrated madly in their efforts to disentangle their own mounts. At that moment two sturdy, young marines aboard the cruiser placed their lips to their bugles and sounded off: "Cooks to galley."

One can but assume that this bugle call meant something more martial in Carmania for its effect on the horses was electrical. There was a moment of silence and then with a frenzy of neighings and thunder of hoofs, the entire troop went from that jetty as if it were an accursed spot.

This simultaneous retreat gave great satisfaction to the ship's company gathered on deck. The officers, they said, were a bit of all right—like a lot of sanguinary circus riders they were and no mistake and, as for the chaplain, they'd never have thought it of him, riding without stirrups and facing aft like as if he were a perishing Cossack.

The place seemed strangely quiet now and so the sailors went below to their breakfast and spoke of their betters in tones of unreserved admiration.

The story of that mad stampede through the streets of the town and out on to the flat and fertile plains of the interior will never be fully told. When the power of description fails, therefore, one must fall back on pure statistics. Of the seventeen riders who started, seven returned on foot, three in ambulances and the remainder on horseback. The return of the party was spaced over a period of eight hours and the condition of the individuals varied between extreme elation and profound exhaustion. One midshipman was reported to have emulated Absalom and to have been rescued from the branches of a particularly thorny tree. Another had the misfortune to be taken by a short cut through a sewage farm, and yet one more hero was found, horse and all, inside a vegetable shop. He was unable to explain how it had been done but the fact remains that it was necessary to take half the shop to pieces before the steed could be removed.

The ambulance cases were not seriously hurt—slight concussion caused by a blow on the forehead by a horse's head was diagnosed. Tony and the parson were the last to return and their safe arrival was a sad disappointment to the horsey fraternity as well as all those who felt, for some reason or other, that they owed him a grudge. The parson had done amazingly well, and though he had lost one of his gaiters and his clerical bowler, he was evidently well satisfied. As for Tony, he wasn't prepared to say what had happened to him, beyond that he had overtaken two trains and many motor cars, and would still be travelling due west if it had not been for the fortunate existence of a roundabout junction, the first of its kind in that backward country.

With considerable skill and greater luck he had steered the tiring horse round sixteen points to starboard (*Continued on page* 51)

Style 1796. White or Natural soft Hide Roman sandal, leather sole with pneumatic cork wedge, 22/11

Style 9303. Jabot Court in Black, British Tan, Brown, Blue, Wine or Green smooth Calf - 37/6

Style 9302. Studded Gusset Bow Court in Black, Blue, Brown or Wine Suede - - - 42/6

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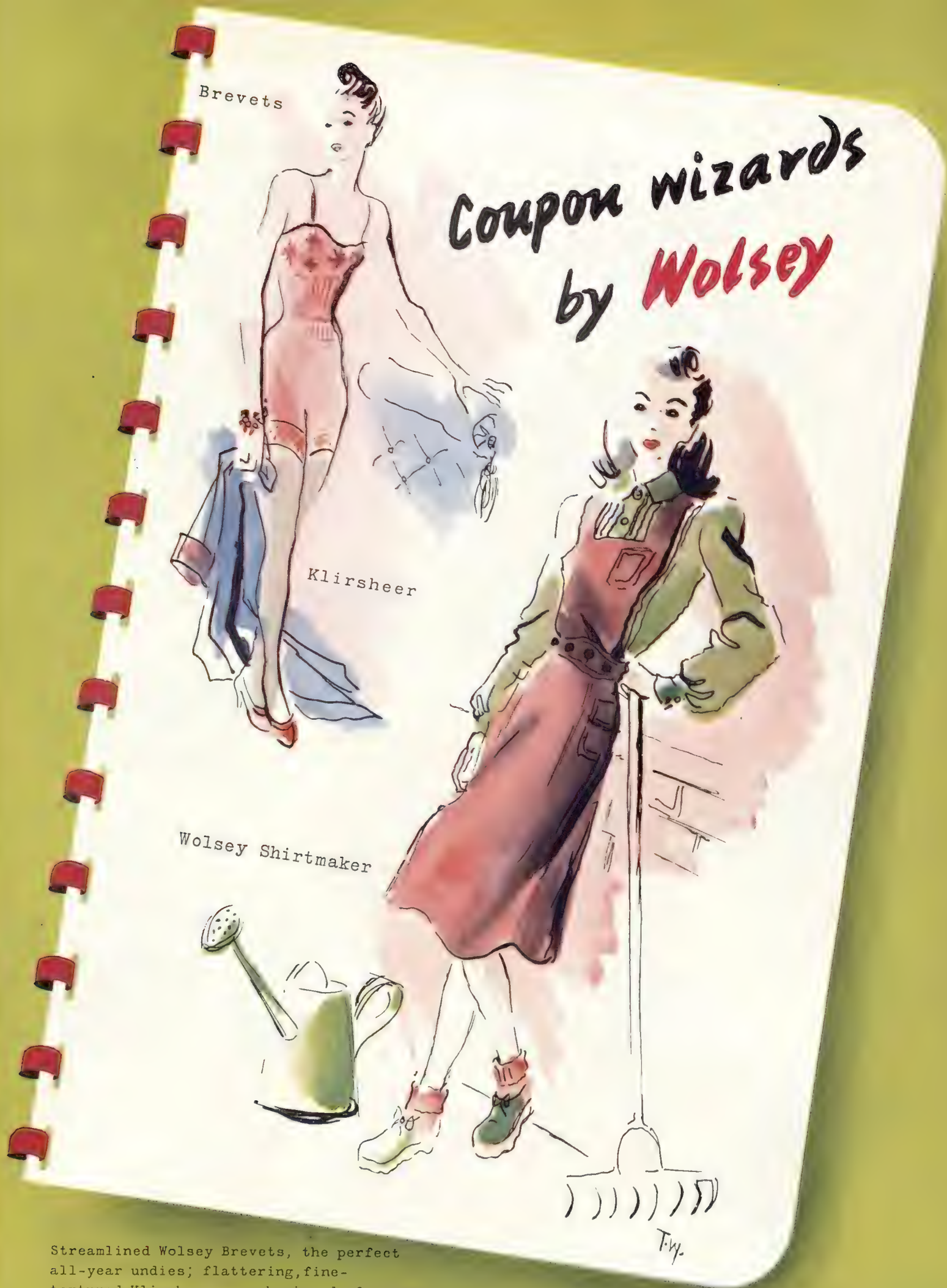
Blossom forth in Dolcis

Maybe you're on duty, shopping in Town, or perhaps it's a week-end respite. Dolcis shoes will take you indoors and outdoors all day long and they're as long lasting as they're comfortable . . . Smart? . . . Well, see for yourself!

There is a **Dolcis** Shoe Store in every large Town

Write to Head Office, Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, London, S.E.1, for the nearest Branch address



Streamlined Wolsey Brevets, the perfect all-year undies; flattering, fine-textured Klirsheers, such wizards for wear; tailored Wolsey 'Shirtmakers' in soft divinely-coloured jersey. The war has made these lovely things scarce. Snatch them at sight!

and miraculously retraced the steps of the previous two hours.

The captain was on the quarter-deck when Tony arrived and with him was the general officer commanding the cavalry.

The captain called Tony and introduced him to the general.

"The general was explaining that he did his best to satisfy your requirements," said the captain. "It would appear that in a subsequent letter to the consul, you specified that the animals should be 'giant'—a strange request, if I may say so."

Tony swallowed hard.

"I think, sir," he said, "that the consul misread my handwriting—I wrote 'quiet'—distinctly."

"The power of the pen," mused the captain. "Twinberro, remind me to order you a typewriter—and now, general, permit me to offer you some refreshment."

The general watched the retreating form with a twinkle in his eyes.

"That young man will go far," he observed. "Indeed, by the shape of his legs, he has already done so."

END

Books (*Continued from page 28*)

book itself is humorous and might just as easily apply to thousands of innately decent Englishmen.

Almost as though it has been written as a sequel, though very different in style and setting is, "Blind Messenger," by Joanna Cannon (Victor Gollancz, 7s. 6d.). Here is a public school and Oxford man who, after the war, becomes a schoolmaster. His wife is an individualist in thought and action and he loves her. But here individualism is not helpful in the hidebound atmosphere of a public school. And when he becomes a headmaster and has the wealth of tradition to support everything he says and does, she becomes a sad woman and a wiser one. As headmaster he knows the boys, but is out of touch with his own children. His duty to guide and help the next generation eggs him on. Perhaps the explanation of the title gives the clue to this book and its message. "A blind messenger is one who runs with a message he cannot read to a destination he cannot see." But, according to this book, he gets there just the same.

FOR many years at the beginning of the last century Britain feared invasion from Napoleon. The parallel between Napoleon and Hitler has often been drawn, but in "Britain Against Napoleon" (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.), Carola Oman draws a much fuller and more subtle picture. From newspapers, magazines, cartoons and pamphlets she has collected a picture of Britain in those days. She makes no comment, but the number of times that you say: "Well, that is exactly what we did (or said) at the beginning of the war" is surprising. In profiteers, Home Guards, black market, politicians, rules, preparations, an Amazon Corps, a Pioneer Corps, pacifists, Napoleon's times provided the same problems. This is amusing, informative and easy to read.

What is it about San Francisco that has always caught the imagination of the adventurer and the traveller? Even such a full book as "Golden Gate," by Felix Riesenberg (Stanley Paul, 16s.), does not give the answer, though it gives in very readable form every detail of the history of the town and port, from its original discovery up to 1940. It is a garish, violent, exciting story of brothels, rackets, greed, fires, earthquakes, gangs, and international intrigue. In two years this port grew from a small traders' post to the fifth biggest port in the world. That is fantastic but true, and typical of the town. Fortunes were made and lost, and tragedy abounded, but still the nations of the world flocked to San Francisco. This is a fine story by a man who knew the port well and studied its history.

Karl Baarslag obviously loves islands. His "Islands of Adventure" (Robert Hale, 15s.) shows that he does, and he has had the opportunity to study islands as few men have. You can linger and dream over this book, and learn while you do so.

Finally, after a tale of experiences such as I have recommended above, comes a simple book, "Inexperience," by Edward Knoblock (Robert Hale, 8s.). A girl whose only assets in life are her sweetness and good looks, plus the chance of finding the secret recipe of a face cream belonging to her dead mother, finds not unnaturally that at fifteen and a half the man with whom she falls in love tells her in an avuncular way that she is inexperienced. Thereafter every one tells her the same thing. By the time she is seventeen, after adventures in Esthonia, she finds the secret recipe for the face cream, and buys her experience. All comes right in the end. There is a certain charm allied with the weakness in this tale. On the whole, the charm wins.

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

sunshine; and it was difficult, indeed, to get them to make a change.

The missionaries began by tackling the Queen Regent Kaahumanu. Their reception was cordial, but the lady soon showed herself to be a thorough pagan, and it was clear that they would make small headway in this direction.

The white men were at a curious disadvantage from the start. The Hawaiians were extremely proud of their glossy dark skins, and were constantly sunbathing in order to increase their tan. They had an instinctive repugnance towards the whites on account of the existence of a form of leprosy which bleached the skin as white as theirs. This was only one of the minor difficulties which the missionaries had to contend with, but it was nevertheless, a considerable obstacle.

By persevering, however, they achieved the abolition of infanticide, human sacrifice and a few other improvements. So far as the loose character of native recreations were concerned, they were unable to do much, as Queen Kaahumanu refused to stop them.

Why, indeed, should we be at pains to disguise the aims of nature? Why affect to despise in public what we all like to do in private? Why must we forbid the spontaneous expression of innocent joy? These and other questions were put by the simple and straightforward minds of the natives. But priests always find an answer, and if they are in difficulties they take refuge in dogma, which puts a stop to the argument.

Eventually, however, they won the victory, because Queen Kaahumanu became a Christian and abolished the idols. The queer-looking gods carved out of wood were thrown into the flames. Schools were opened for the young and old people; and many notable reforms were instigated all over the islands.

When, however, the Catholic missionaries arrived, with their elaborate crucifixes and Madonnas, the Queen demanded the surrender of these "idols," since she had already surrendered her own!

Thus began the civilisation of the Hawaiian Islands, which had been started by an Englishman so long ago. . . .

To-day much of their picturesque charm has been lost; but much remains to appeal to the imagination—an irrespressible *joie-de-vie*, beauty that makes one oblivious to the cares of this world and an atmosphere of still pagan simplicity that not even the horrors of the twentieth century can destroy. Perhaps these are the legacies of centuries of free love in the sunshine, of laughter and happiness which echoes in the brilliant air and sparkles in the blue water of countless lagoons.

END

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SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
In normal times the best shops have "66" Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.
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This and other troubles due to upset body metabolism.

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Other Springtimes

(Continued from page 11)

life in Tunis. They told me it was possible to live on £60 a year all-in and I quite believed it after an adventure in Tunis itself, and which may be mentioned as "the fainting trick."

It is a dark night and an Arab woman collapses on the pavement just ahead. You hasten forward and as you lean over the huddled form a native steals up behind and, in a flash, your wallet has left your inside breast pocket, and the thief is racing down a side street. Well, I fell for that on the eve of a three days holiday, when every blessed thing was closed including the Consulate, and knowing nobody and having put up at a pub that didn't feed one, I existed for the next seventy-two hours on fourteen francs or about half a crown. My fixed and recurrent menu was composed of prawns bigger than Dublin Bay's outsize tangerines at eight a penny, strong local wine at twopence a litre, bread at which Vienna needn't have sniffed, and early morning coffee. The days were spent in long walks and the only real hardship was inability to sit at cafés.

BY 1932 I had acquired a small open car called "Attagirl," in which I was later to criss-cross continuously in all directions, from Spain to Poland, and Rome to Hamburg. In fact "Attagirl" produced a book called *Craziways, Europe* and as it cost only £80 in a Nice garage and was sold eventually for £40, the little contraption certainly paid its way. Round Easter of 1932 "Attagirl" was halted outside the quaintest architectural conceit that ever modern European devised: the Vittoriale of d'Annunzio on Lake Garda. It was the Pope's sixty-ninth birthday and as I could plead having served with the British Army in Italy he allowed me in. Otherwise this founder of Fascism barred the *Inglesi*. D'Annunzio has described his place of *retiro* as representing "the struggle now impious, now sacred, but ever continous, between the archangel that I am and the beast that I am," and the Vittoriale, since become the property of the Italian people, was all of that. Its high-lights were the prow of the cruiser *Puglio* jutting into the lake, and "the Room of Death" whose ceiling adornment evoked the great loves of the poet's life. Upon these he aspired to concentrate as consciousness finally left him. D'Annunzio was then being looked after by a Fiume *vivandière* named Luise B——. Previously, when Duce came to bid farewell, a former Arcachon peasant girl, Angèle, was installed. But this is scandal.

They called my piece "The Archangel Gabriel at Home," and thereby hangs a tiny tale. Aircraftman Shaw used then to frequent for reading purposes, the home of one of my family, at Hythe, and when he read about the Vittoriale he said I had no right to deride one of the greatest of poets. Yet it was really the headline that derided, and, anyway, if Lawrence had seen the Vittoriale. . . !

Shortly after Hitler came into power I turned "Attagirl" towards Nazi Germany, quite forgetting that I carried a French identification plate. The GB sign was then all right in Germany but decidedly not an F, and on a Renault car. So scant and curt was the service, that I left poor "Attagirl" at Hanover and took to the train. In Hamburg I listened to Germans laughing at the Brown-shirts and couldn't make up my mind as to their durability. Young Nazis drummed into me that they wanted to be friendly with the English but intended to have their colonies back. I was taken to an African lecture given from a travelling caravan. Then on to Copenhagen where the star attraction was a Jutland Exhibition. "The nation's pet." "The darling of Denmark." Thus were Danes invited to contemplate South Jutland which the Germans had handed back in 1919 and on which money had thereafter been lavished. But at Aanebraa I contacted the Danish Nazi leader, one Peperkorn, who said that Danes and Germans would one day soon coalesce. And so back to Hanover where "Attagirl" had been painted with big red swastikas that wouldn't come off, which led to trouble when I came to the Dutch frontier—the red swastikas had to be blacked over and "Atta" did look pretty! Already a daft Continent was beginning to materialise.

The pleasantest part of France in springtime is Provence, so one April found me on the Camargue, the flat and wild area between Marseilles and Nimes, where cowboys still herd cattle, including bulls for the Spanish arenas. Old-time garments are worn and if Mistral were to return on a fête day he'd see local girls still in the kit of *l'Arlésienne*. That I had tagged on to a Paris film company shooting *The King of the Camargue* hardly dispelled the illusion.

That seems to have been a crowded spring for there are also records of trips to Sicily, to Corsica, and to "The Clapham Junction of Dope" (Marseilles). I hand it to Marseilles for having been Europe's worst gangster town. The trouble was that the chief gangsters were hidden away in the police and municipality. The standing joke was of the gendarme who had a Hispano-Suiza but could only be seen in it when on holiday once a year in another part of France. If any one stood up to the police, these retorted by charging him with the most odious offences, and as there were always Press stooges ready to put the stuff immediately in print, few stood up.

The spring of 1935 opened for me with a visit to Stresa. This was the last time any one had a chance of talking sense to Mussolini but MacDonald and Laval omitted to raise the subject of Ethiopia although Fascist transports were already crowding through the Suez. Musso was at his brightest. He liked to fly over his guests and on occasion descended very late for meetings with them. He showed by every gesture that he didn't give a hoot for them, and the international Press stood around in vast numbers and wondered how it was done (at least I did).

The balance of that spring I must have stayed put on Majorca or at Barcelona. I know I found the most lovely bathing beach in Europe at Formentera on Majorca; also that I ran into more friends than was good for me, seeing how heady the local wine can be. Told that the island was a hotbed of Fascism, one certainly sensed a heaviness in the atmosphere but not that the Republic was on its way out. My object in crossing to Palma had been to dig a story out of "Spain's No. 1 Mystery Man," Juan March, who owned most things that mattered on Majorca and was to finance Franco's revolt in the following year. March founded his millions by selling fresh vegetables to the Gibraltar garrison during the last war but that didn't soften him towards seeing a British journalist. So I decided to ree-lax locally, judging by the journalistic blank that ensues up to early summer.

The following Easter (1936) I was at the other end of Europe, "discovering" the present Dutch Quisling-in-chief, Mussert, and, yes, foretelling Hitler's re-occupation of the Rhineland. As one not given to scoops, I must add that this story appeared a week before Hitler brought off his coup, and that it sprang from guesswork in Cologne after a night in a dramshop under the Cathedral when imbibing Nazis hinted and winked a little too much considering that I had once been at one of their universities down the Rhine and hadn't forgotten *all* German slang and colloquialisms.

The springtime of 1937 was all Spanish. The Civil War was in its worst phase and when one couldn't cross into Spain one hovered near the frontiers—either at Perpignan or St. Jean-de-Luz. But if you once crossed into the Franco camp and your passport was stamped accordingly, you were automatically barred from crossing into Republican territory, and vice versa. And quite right, too. Of Spain, two things may be hazarded. First: if (Continued on page 54)

It's a wise mother who orders her Chilprufe NOW

Last Summer we decided to discontinue making *Chilprufe for adults and have since concentrated our entire resources on Chilprufe for Children. To facilitate production we were compelled to limit our range to the most essential garments, but the Quality of Chilprufe remains unaltered.

This is where you can help. Take a long view of your Chilprufe requirements and ORDER IMMEDIATELY. Our small ration of wool may be even further reduced and as CHILPRUFE is ENTIRELY PURE WOOL a further reduction may ensue.

In terms of Coupons, the value of Chilprufe is outstanding not only because of its remarkable durability, but because it affords the utmost comfort and health protection.

** Some Chilprufe agents may still have some stock.*

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STILL ENTIRELY PURE WOOL **for CHILDREN**

Lavenda

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Lavenda does not fade and it seems to like being 'tubbed.' It won't shrink or fluff, and it just refuses to wear out.

LAVENDA KNITTING WOOL has all the same qualities that you liked it for in the old days before the war . . . and nowadays these qualities matter more than ever.

made by Listers of Bradford

LET THE DOCTOR DECIDE

AS A NATION we cannot at the moment afford luxuries, and the use of necessary goods for unnecessary purposes is against the national interest.

The Crookes Laboratories are devoting their whole war-time effort to products which are either essential to H.M. Forces or of fundamental importance in the maintenance of the national health.

Consequently they have restricted supplies of the three well-known products:

CROOKES' LACTO-CALAMINE
CROOKES' ZINC CREAM
CROOKES' SCALP LOTION

which, while capable of being used for toilet purposes, were primarily produced for the medical profession.

¶ SUPPLIES of them are therefore now obtainable solely on prescriptions from doctors. These can be presented to any chemist, who will then supply you.

¶ THE CROOKES LABORATORIES are confident that the public will welcome this decision, which has been taken entirely in the interest of those who should at all times have first call on scientific preparations for their treatment.

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– and put the other half away.....

CHIVERS JELLIES

Save them for the children

You want to make the most of Chivers Jelly in these days of restriction, so here is a recipe which enables you to make two Chivers Jellies from one packet, yes, almost as marvellous as the Jelly itself.

Recipe : Make up half-pint of Chivers Jelly in usual way, then make a half-pint of Custard Sauce without sugar. When Jelly is lukewarm, set small quantity in bottom of individual glasses or moulds and mix remainder with the custard. When Jelly layers are firm fill up glasses with the mixture and leave to set.

This recipe provides sufficient for 7 portions.

All Lombard Street to a China Orange . . . Oranges and lemons are now so rare that the proverbial wager seems almost fair . . . Rare and refreshing fruit indeed — in Kia-Ora.

KIA-ORA

Lemon · Orange · Grapefruit Lime Juice Cordial 2/6

Unsweetened Lemon, Orange, Grapefruit in half bottles, 1/9

the Russians ever come to exercise influence on the Continent, they will make a bee line for Spain where men suffered so terribly for the Communist faith. Second: under whatever regime she stabilises under, Spain should get a bigger slice of Africa. It is, indeed, her "natural right."

By 1938 the Continent had already become an apprehensive place, with laughter stilled or forced. Many cities were no longer worth visiting unless compelled in their direction. Whether this was what sent me, in April, on tour in Western France. I am unable to say, but I find myself writing about Lindbergh's Island; about the new Naval Academy at Brest; and about "Friendliest France." That was all on a hitch-hike, I recall. We set off from Tours down the Loire, with first halt at Saumur when we drank the best local wine ever, and came upon the skeleton of flying fox in an equine museum. Then we headed for Lannion, close to which Breton town Lindbergh had parked himself with Dr. Carrel, in order to perfect a blood pump.

Outside Brest I first saw Darlan who was visiting the Naval Academy.

It was on this trip that we decided that never had the French as a whole shown themselves so friendly to the *Anglais*. The Entente was just coming to its height with the Royal visit to Paris, and at the root of the good feeling was the French conviction that war was going to be avoided after all, thanks to a belated but decisive British backing of France. How sad it all sounds to-day!

The last springtime of peace began with a visit to "The Moribund League" at Geneva. It was perverse to want to see the huge white mass in ignored emptiness, but I wished to know what was going to happen to the League if war came. The Swiss, I learnt, wanted it out of the way and the plan was to shift to Vichy. Let us hope the enormous building will not one day serve as New Order headquarters for the West (for, of course, if Hitler won he'd take over Switzerland).

Other Springtimes

April of 1939 saw me Morocco-bound and springtime in Morocco is *the* time. Lovely weather, wonderful new vegetables, wine for a song. The intention was to stay a week but the visit spun out to five weeks and extended right over the Grand Atlas. There used to be a label for French Morroco: "Lyautey's Luxury Legacy." The fine old marshal lavished too much money on his offspring which he wished to see sprout to manhood before his own life flickered out. In the result, French Morocco always gave one the feeling that it was too gorgeously fashioned for the weight it was pulling.

At Gibraltar, I found General Ironside, a friend from that other war, and he took me on top of the Rock and discussed possible attack from the surrounding hills. Right up there, one can stand astride the razor-blade top of the Rock with one foot on the Atlantic and one on the Mediterranean side. Ironside was then busy arranging with General Noguès (still Vichy chief in Morocco) for the transfer to Rabat of the Rock's unwanted civilians who, in the event, were destined to occupy London hotels and flats.

And so to my last European spring, and I'm glad it was in Paris though the nature of my work brought me in contact with a brazen enough fifth-column nest: the Ministry of Information in the Hotel Continental. "How to wreck a Nation's Morale in Ghastliest Crisis." One could have gotten out a pretty brochure. The crowning stunt as cataclysm hastened was to sound the chief bars of the *Marseillaise* before every hourly bulletin. Even strong men's nerves were affected by that. All who were there in April and May of 1940 will tell you that Paris never had looked so serenly lovely. What a contrast it was to leave the evil Continental and merge with those perfect days outside!

END

Souvenir of Manila

(*Continued from page 8*)

"You go, I come soon," said the old man. "I wait for my son."

Hing walked into the opium parlour. There were several smokers lying on the wooden bunks and Hing could understand the proprietor's cautiousness. Any one of those apparently sleeping men might be a Japanese agent.

Groping his way to a corner bunk he hitched Patch's leash to a chair, loosened his foul-smelling rags and lay down, but his eyes were vigilant behind the dark spectacles as he watched for any signs of interest on the part of the other smokers. He had not smoked opium before, but it was obvious that the others were all under the drug.

THE old man came in and began to fix the treacly looking pellet into a long bamboo pipe. Hing had a feeling of nausea at the prospect of having to smoke—already half-sickened by the reeking fumes—when his host clicked his teeth. It was a tiny sound but Hing picked it up. The man seemed to be taking quite a lot of pains over fixing the pellet. Then Hing realized why he had clicked his teeth. He wanted his full attention. Hing looked around anxiously. The sleepers were deep in ecstasy. He gave a little nod and sat up. The old Chinaman quickly inserted a tiny white pellet in a minute compartment at the base of the bowl. Then he handed over the pipe and waddled back into the shop.

To maintain appearances Hing allowed his mouth to rest for a few seconds over the stem, trying desperately not to inhale the fumes. Then, with infinite caution, he pressed the base of the bowl. It gave to his touch and he quickly extracted the white pellet and thrust it into his ear. Rapidly he debated how soon he could leave the den without arousing suspicion. He lay for a few minutes, then crept out with Patch tugging to be out of the vile-smelling den.

The message was brief and to the point. It told him that Leydon, the Englishman, was a prisoner in the huge compound which the Japs had set up outside Kowloon.

"I shall leave here within a week," he told the friend who had given him shelter.

The following morning Hing hired a rickshaw and rode to a mansion in Queen Street. He was stylishly dressed in a drill suit, silk shirt, Panama and magpie shoes. One or two Chinese glared at him from the sidewalk with hating eyes, and he needed no explanation of their hostility. They had taken him for one of those rich traitor Chinese who had quickly come to terms with the Japs. It was precisely such a man named Lee-Feng, whom he was now visiting.

Lee-Feng gazed at him from behind heavy black tortoiseshell glasses. He was a very fat man with a series of chins and a small black moustache.

He motioned Hing to a beautifully carved chair.

"You take coffee, monsieur?" he demanded in a high-pitched voice.

Hing nodded gratefully and smiled to himself. Every one in Hong Kong laughed at the merchant who had once been in Indo-China and thereafter flavoured his conversation with scraps of French.

"Now, monsieur," he began politely. "Who are you, and what can a humble person like myself offer such an honourable guest?"

For answer, Hing took a thick wallet from his breast-pocket and extracted a bulky wad of dollar bills. He tossed it towards Lee-Fang and bowed.

"I have no name, honoured sir, but much travel has taught me that these pretty pictures answer so many questions."

Lee-Feng counted the money slowly.

"You will understand, monsieur," he said blandly, "that it is my duty to inform the authorities that an unknown stranger is in Hong Kong with a large amount of American money." He sighed. "I fear I cannot escape my duty, much as I regret the necessity of dealing with these (*Continued on page 56*)

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The Citizen: "Well, I was talking to a grocer the other day, and he told me Carr's were producing more than ever (in spite of such a number of their Staff being away helping the National war effort), only they're so good that people snap them up when they've a chance! He was expecting a fresh supply any day."

The Manufacturer: "Yes, the increased demand causes an apparent shortage. Actually there are more than ever, as you say."

DEFINITELY WORTH WAITING FOR

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THE FIRST BISCUIT MACHINE 1831

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On duty you must look smart—but never painted. TANGEE NATURAL matches perfectly your individual colouring.

Available on request at your N.A.A.F.I. Canteen.

TANGEE *Natural*

Save money and metal by saving your lipstick container Refills for medium and large sizes 1/6 and 4/3.

enemies of my country." He spread helpless hands. "You see my position, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Hing nodded solemnly.

Lee-Feng took off his spectacles and polished them carefully with a large silk handkerchief.

"Ah, this war," he sighed, replacing the spectacles. "What scenes of desolation here on the island! One tries to help the poor and hungry, but the Japanese have taken all the food." With a cynical disregard of his last statement he took a huge box of sweetmeats from a drawer in his desk and handed it to Hing who took one but did not eat until his host had done so.

"My soul dies within me at this terrible suffering," he groaned. "I do what I can, as you know, to establish goodwill, if possible, between my people and the enemy."

Hing had resolved to be patient, but this man's sickening hypocrisy was testing him to the full.

"I know of an Englishman in the prison of Kowloon who would desire once more to see his hearth," he said slowly, closely watching the other's face.

Lee-Feng's fat hands trembled but his smile remained intact. He watched Hing pick up the wad of notes and carefully put it back in the wallet.

"And doubtless the Englishman's loved ones would give much, even the whole of their fortune to feast their eyes with his presence," he cooed. "There is no home without a father, for it is as a tent without a stake."

Hing nodded. "And it is in your power, Lee-Feng, to accomplish this great act of kindness, and thus your own home will be blessed."

They sparred with compliments and innuendoes for two long hours. Lee-Feng made much of the difficulties. The Japs would torture him if they discovered what had happened. The money was insufficient for the risk. The governor of the prison camp was a brutal martinet with the nose of a ferret; he had constructed a high-voltage barbed wire fence around the camp. But he could not resist the large sum of money which Hing had promised him the moment he and the Englishman were out of Kowloon.

It was a full month before the details were worked out and the plan ready to be put into action. Lee-Feng had demanded more money at the last minute, insisting that it had cost him a fortune to bribe the Jap sentries at the gate of the camp. Fearful that the rascal would take fright, Hing had given him another thousand dollars in advance. But the night before the attempted rescue he had called upon his friends near the Happy Valley Racecourse. They bade him farewell with regrets.

"You will not forget to attend to that pig, Lee-Feng?" he said in parting.

"Have no fear. A week from now he will cease to burden the earth. We shall provide a box of sweetmeats that will bite his stomach like the fangs of the scorpion."

Hing rat-tatted down the hill to the tram depot in a happy frame of mind.

"That provides for the future of Lee-Feng," he confided to Patch.

SITTING at the wheel of the prison laundry van, Hing could not help feeling a pang about Lee-Feng. The man was a rascal but he had kept his end of the bargain, and the arrangements had worked with automatic smoothness. At that moment the Englishman was sitting huddled in a laundry basket at the back of the van, and the sentries at the gate were ready to wave them on. They had seen their own officers fattening their wallets in Occupied China, and there could be little harm in asking no questions when the heavy laundry basket was hoisted on to the van. Lee-Feng had paid them well.

Hing was about to press the self-starter when Patch suddenly began barking furiously. But for Hing's restraining hand on his collar, he would have jumped from the van; even so, he tugged so hard that Hing felt his knuckles cracking with the strain. He held the dog's head down with one hand while

Souvenir of Manila

he let in the clutch and trod hard on the accelerator. The van gave a jolt and shot forward. Hing took a quick look round and just had time to see a Jap officer running towards the gate and shaking his fist, before he turned back to the road and headed for the gate. He sensed the hesitation of the soldiers, torn between their fear of the officer and their anxiety that the van should get clear. Out of the corner of his eye Hing saw one of them raise his rifle, but he dare not look round. The expected shot did not ring out. He was aware of a gabble of voices as the van swung round the gate and shot down the hill, raising a cloud of dust.

He let go of Patch's collar and the Alsatian sat back on its haunches, still growling. There was a creaking from the basket at the back of the van but Hing decided that he could not stop to release the Englishman. Something had gone wrong back there in the prison and it would be wiser to push ahead.

He cursed as the van took a corner too fast. The road was a sheer terror, full of corkscrew twists and thick with blinding dust.

They had gone another mile or so when he thought he heard the sound of a car behind. He listened intently. No mistake about it; another car was speeding up, its tyres screeching. His hands were clammy now as he gripped the steering wheel and dug into the accelerator. To his horror the van did not seem to pick up speed. His ear caught an ominous knocking from the engine. His eyes tried to pierce the dust as he stared into the mirror. He could not see the car but a bullet tore into the van's hood and his practised ear told him that it had been fired from pretty close range.

THE knocking was now a dull insistent beat. It must be the gears, he told himself savagely. The road was widening, and the front wheels of the car behind were practically on his tail. His brain raced wildly. In a moment they would be alongside, crowding him into the ditch.

The car was now running beside the van. Hing slowed up. The Jap officer from the prison was at the wheel, barking orders. A soldier at his side was pointing a rifle at Hing; two others in the back had revolvers in their hands. Hing was pulling in when the Alsatian began to bark. Suddenly, without warning, he scrambled to his feet and flashed from the side of the van like a streak of light. He landed on the windscreen of the car, and the glass crashed. One of the Japs in the back seat fired but missed. Patch's first bite tore a gash in the driver's hand. Then things happened too quickly to be focused. The Alsatian was all wolf now, a hundred and twenty pounds of fighting fury with fangs tearing and slashing at yellow flesh. The glint of gold-rimmed spectacles had lifted a layer from his mind and shown him once again a room in Manila with his master dead on the floor and a little yellow man bringing terror from the shadows.

There was a scream of pain and the gloved hands had left the steering wheel. Blood bubbled from the Jap's mouth and the dog was still tearing at his enemy's throat, apparently unaware in his frenzy of the bullets that were being pumped into his hide.

Hing saw the car skid crazily across the road. He put his brakes on just in time, and the car shot forward ahead of him. There was a screaming of brakes as the Jap in the front seat pulled up, but the car had gone into a lurch at fifty miles an hour. Then it disappeared over the side.

Hing got out and stared down the hillside. Then he went back and helped the Englishman out of the basket.

"There's been a little accident," he said quietly. "We'll soon be safely out of Hong Kong. Sorry I had to do a bit of speeding."

Neither knew that they owed their lives to the fact that the commandant of the Kowloon Prison Camp wore gold-rimmed glasses and the uniform of a Japanese Army officer. Lieutenant Mitsubishi had been dead for weeks. A bullet had pierced his heart while he was leading an attack on Kuala Lumpur.

END

On and Off Duty

(*Continued from page 29*)

where they could be operated on as soon as possible, and that the first-aid posts should be kept merely for panic.

If these auxiliary nursing services could be adapted to the present needs of the country, a course of lectures, followed by an examination on child welfare, could be substituted for the present first-aid course of lectures and stretcher drill.

The women who had taken this course would then be trained to staff the day nurseries which are being set up all over the country. Here they would be doing invaluable work instead of wasting their time at the first-aid posts. At these posts the full-time personnel work twenty-four hours on duty and forty-eight hours off. During their twenty-four hours on, there is, of course, nothing for them to do except spit and polish and practise on imaginary casualties. And yet there is work crying out to be done both in the hospitals and in the day nurseries.

I happened to be talking the other day to a woman who runs a well-known nursery in one of the busiest London boroughs. She told me that she now has to look after thirty children a day, and that she has to take care of these children with only one woman to help her. This is a most outrageous state of affairs, as at least six women are needed to take proper care of thirty children. Several of her helpers had to register and have been called up. When she applied to the local Labour Exchange to be allowed to keep these helpers, the interviewer informed her that guns and munitions were far more important to the national effort than day nurseries.

The day nursery woman said: "Yes, I quite agree. But how are the mothers to go out to the factories and make guns and munitions unless there is someone to take care of their children?"

The interviewer continued to be so disagreeable that the manager had to be appealed to, and he has promised to do what he can to help. Needless to say, nothing has been done so far.

The week before I had heard this story, the charming little woman who sets my hair had told me that she had had to register and would be called up for war work. As she was so fond of children, she asked me if I happened to know of any day nursery where she could work. So next time my hair was set I was all prepared with the information. Before I had a chance to impart this to her, the hairdresser told me that, on inquiry, she had discovered that the day nursery pay was so bad that she could not afford to take up this work, but would have to do part-time in a munition factory.

The W.V.S. have been asked to help staff day nurseries, and as no work so far, no matter how disagreeable, has disheartened these women, you can bet that they will rise to the occasion once again. The difficulty will be, of course, to get a sufficient number of trained women to put in charge of the nurseries.

A friend of mine who has just started work at a first-aid post in the East End of London tells me that they are now going to work in a day nursery which is being opened in the district. At one time the women who staffed this particular post worked during part of their shifts at a near-by hospital, but this was given up because they were expected to be satisfied with the dull routine ward work.

The Americans are being far more sensible in dealing with this problem. In the United States they are appealing for thousands of "nursing aides" to be trained for the sole purpose of taking over the routine ward work of the hospitals in order that the trained nurses may be free to carry on with the advanced nursing. Before the nursing aides take up their work they are under no misapprehension as to what this work will be. They realise that their job will be bed-making, bed-pans, washing of patients, taking round trays—in other words, all junior probationer work. And, quite frankly, that is all that any auxiliary nurse is good for after a mere fifty hours in hospital.

END

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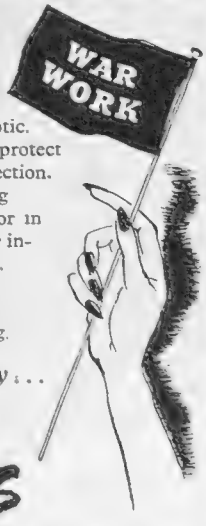

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The Resident's Wife

(Continued from page 27)

"There was something ironic, in view of what happened afterwards, in that friendship between Duke and Arminger. Catherine Duke hardly seemed to be in it, at first. In fact, if it weren't for certain information that came my way, perhaps I should never have suspected. They were discreet, oh my word, they were discreet! Friendly and cool and brother-and-sisterish. Chipping each other and talking about friends they had in common in England and shooting expeditions. Duke was never made to feel out of things and nobody ever saw or heard of Arminger paying visits to the Resident's bungalow when the Resident was away. At least not when it was known he was going to be away. The two men were so fond of each other, it was impossible to imagine any hanky-panky going on between Arminger and Catherine Duke. And to tell you the truth, I'm not convinced to this day there was anything a divorce court would recognise. That was what made it so baffling. They were all discreet, and they kept themselves to themselves. The rest of us were out of it. Duke and his wife and Arminger formed a community within a community."

"Was she an attractive woman?"

It was the youngest of all the listeners who asked the question, his unformed, boyish face carefully feigning a mature expression.

"She was beautiful," said Whittaker. "She was tall and some people would have thought her thin, I daresay. By what little I know of female beauty, she was just right. She had that dulled fair hair, ash blonde they call it, don't they? Very strange it was, parted in the middle, and swept over her ears. And she kept her complexion marvellously in spite of the heat. Very fair skin, almost transparent, and brilliant blue eyes with the lashes two shades darker than her hair. She was a good shot and when you saw her in the saddle, with jodhpurs and a crêpe-de-chine blouse—I suppose it was crêpe-de-chine—you'd never recognise her for the same woman that swept about Duke's bungalow in a lacy evening frock as if Mayfair lay at her door, instead of Africa. She did a lot of riding alone. I suppose that was how she made her opportunities to meet Arminger. Because at the Resident's bungalow, although he was there almost every evening, they seemed to be respectability itself. Perhaps they had a rendezvous somewhere in the forest."

Malayan motorists' gift. Just before the Japanese assault in the East, the Automobile Association of Malaya raised and presented £5,500 to the Home Government for a fighter plane. This fund was obtained by the sale of a special car badge, souvenir badges being sent to the Prime Minister, Lieut.-Col. the Rt. Hon. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon and Sir Stensen Cooke. The plane was named *Gerda*, being Malay for "King of the Air"

ABBOT rose to refill his glass. "I don't understand," he said over his shoulder, "why you're so cocksure these two were carrying on together? On your own showing there was nothing against them. And although I was here, I never heard any scandal."

"It wasn't my business to expose them," Whittaker defended himself. "And after Duke died, there wouldn't have been any point in it. I've never breathed a word to a soul. But now she's dead as well. There's a much deeper problem in all this than I've hinted at yet. You see Duke went down with a sudden attack of typhoid. As you know, typhoid is by no means always fatal. Arminger was the physician who attended him. And his wife acted as nurse."

"But good God," exclaimed the youngest listener, "you don't mean to suggest——"

"I suggest nothing," corrected Whittaker. "There's no one living now who knows what happened at the Resident's bungalow—except Arminger. But consider the situation. Duke ill, a raging fever, dangerous, possibly mortal. If he dies no one will be surprised. People do die of typhoid. The doctor looking after him is a young, good-looking man with every prospect of success in life. Duke is well on the wrong side of forty and although he behaves like a viceroy it's a thousand to one he'll never get a better job. Compared with Arminger, he was nothing to look at, short, stout, a little bald and rather pompous. Whereas Arminger!" He paused. "You remember Arminger, Abbot? Those big soft eyes of his, and that square chin, with a cleft in it, and curly black hair. A six-footer he was, too. A regular cinema hero. Any woman would have fallen in love with him."

"I remember him all right," said Abbot, "but I'm not convinced Mrs. Duke would lose her head over him. As for the two of them conspiring to let Duke die—I take it that's what you mean?"

"I'm not sure," Whittaker declared slowly. "Perhaps they did, either callously or subconsciously. Or perhaps I wrong them and they fought for the poor devil's life. But the fact remains, they were lovers and Duke stood in their way. You see, it happened that six months before Duke died one of my boys brought me a note. He'd picked it up in the club grounds and as he couldn't read English he brought it to me. A good job he did, too. It was about as private as a note could be, and incriminating. It called her *My darling Catherine* and spoke about taking an opportunity when Duke was away, and it was signed by Cyril Arminger. I'd kept quiet about that note for nearly six months, although, naturally, I'd been making my own observations of what was going on up at the Resident's place. Then Duke fell sick, and Arminger and Catherine nursed him, and he died. I couldn't help wondering. I've been wondering ever since."

"So Arminger didn't marry her afterwards?" asked one of the young men, rising and knocking out his pipe.

Whittaker shook his head. "No. But even supposing my worst guess was true, it doesn't follow he was that kind of a cad. One must be fair to him. Catherine Duke may very well have been overcome with remorse, and felt conscientious scruples about marrying the man who had pushed her husband off into the next world. Women are not always logical creatures, I'm told."

He smiled, slightly self-satisfied at the moment. "I leave the problem with you. Unless you can find Arminger and unlock the secrets of his heart, there's no answer."

His guests finished their drinks and departed in ones and twos. Only Abbot remained, claiming without a word the privilege of old friendship.

When they had been alone on the veranda for nearly half an hour and the moon had spread a track of rippling silver over the harbour far below them, Abbot suddenly said: "You were wrong. That letter was not signed."

Whittaker started.

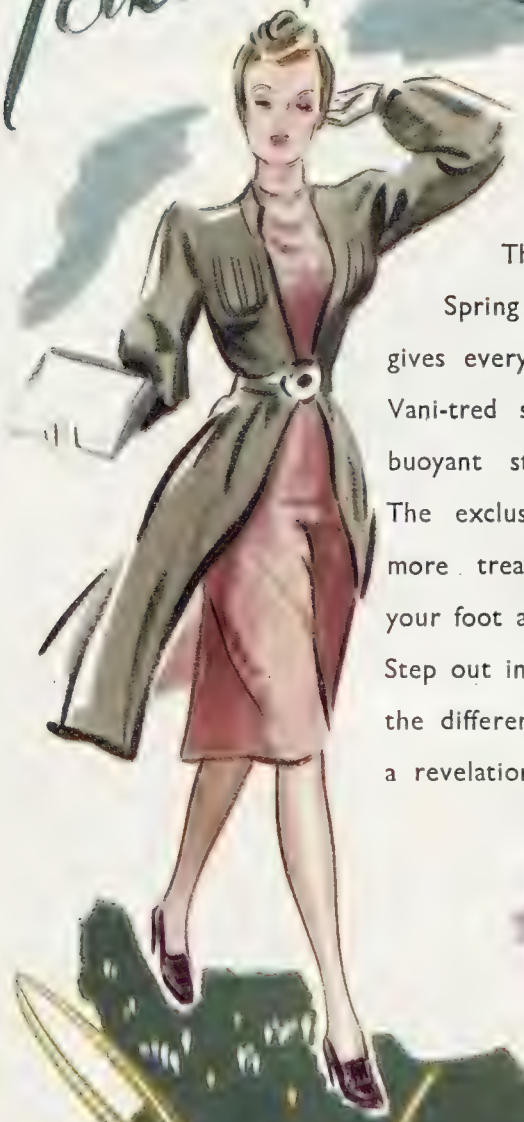
"Are you calling me a liar?" he demanded.

"Not at all," Abbot answered calmly and without haste. "If you will cast your mind back, you will remember that the letter ended with the initials C.A."

"A mere quibble," Whittaker began indignantly, and then stopped short, staring at his friend with astonishment and understanding kindling in his eyes.

"Exactly," said Abbot, and his laugh was bitter and curt. "My initials happen to be C.A., as well as Arminger's. You assumed they were his, without a second thought, because he was good looking and I'm not, and because he was always at the Resident's bungalow, and I never went there except on official occasions. You were really too simple, Whittaker. You *(Continued on page 61)*

Take Spring in Your Stride!



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Scientific

ought to remember when a decent man falls in love with another fellow's wife, he regards it as a bit of a moral calamity. He may not be able to help his feelings—and I'm not asking any one to understand what Catherine and I were to each other—but he does try to accept as little of the husband's hospitality as possible. Only one little fraction of your guesswork was correct. Catherine refused to marry me after Duke's death because she had conscientious scruples. But it wasn't remorse for helping her husband to die—as a matter of fact, she and Arminger worked themselves to the bone to save him. It was remorse because she had deceived him while he was alive. That was the only thing wrong about our love—it was furtive and underhand. We both hated that."

"I'm sorry," stammered Whittaker. "If I'd had any idea——"

"It doesn't matter," said Abbot. "She's dead now and nothing can hurt me."

He nodded and turned away. Whittaker was left to watch his broad shoulders retreating steadily into the obscurity of the night.

END

Tomorrow—We Eat

(*Continued from page 9*)

A very difficult and complex subject, food, especially in wartime. Yet Nature did not design it that way. It was all planned for straightforward management. By a mysterious sun-earth chemistry which we don't understand, plants grow on land and in the sea, and nourish and reproduce themselves; and birds, fish and animals, including man, live on these plants. The only real difference between the vegetarian and the meat-eater is that the first takes his food straight, while the second takes it at second-hand, after it has been changed from vegetable stuff into animal tissue. Beer is a vegetable product, and so is beef. Cattle are vegetarians; man is one of the very few meat-eating species. Vegetarians are usually pugnacious, garrulous, combative, and a thorn in the flesh of their fellows. Look at Adolf Hitler and Bernard Shaw.

We know what plants do. They take in the energy which the sun's rays bring to earth. They combine this energy—a feat which still eludes our scientists—with water and carbon dioxide. Carbon dioxide is a waste product for us. We inhale air, keep the useful stuff and exhale the waste—carbon dioxide. The plants out of these three elements, sun-rays, water and carbon dioxide, extract all the chemical products, starches and sugars, necessary to nourish themselves; and we, in turn, steal their nourishment, either directly, by feeding plants into our stomachs, or indirectly, through consuming fish, birds, or animals, which have nourished themselves on plants, or, in the case of some fish, have fed on their smaller plant-nourished fellows.

A human being, to sustain healthy life, needs a balanced diet of one-third proteins (meat and eggs) and two-thirds carbon hydrates (bread, potatoes, vegetables). Our necessary oils come in milk, butter and fruit.

It seems simple enough. But any one who imagines that it is can scarcely have visited a luxury restaurant kitchen, read Brillat-Savarin's immortal *Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy*, or the delectable *Mrs. Beeton* (my favourite bedside book: I commend her for wartime browsing), or even Dumas *père's* 1,000-page cook book (he was an amateur cook, and this was his last work).

THERE is a certain gastronomic finality about food. Even scientists who quarrel violently about the merits and otherwise of flour loaded with synthetic vitamin B1, and calcium, won't dispute the superiority of the Colchester over the Whitstable oyster, or hesitate when offered their choice between grilled chicken or plain boiled cod, the grocer's port or the club's Cockburn '78. But once you get to the scientific aspect, you hit conflict and trouble. Unofficial scientists argue with official scientists; and the latter are not necessarily right just because they happen to have Lord Woolton's ear. As I write, the most successful of dairy research farms are advocating measures for maintaining the milk supply which are exactly the opposite of the official advice. Controversies rage around the wholemeal loaf versus the white loaf bread; and in ten months the Government has been asked sixty questions in Parliament about the people's bread. The quantity, quality and choice of the foods needed to sustain life and work-power are endlessly disputed.

Not that this is all nonsense. Foods have their oddities. One orange may have twice as much vitamin C as another. Fresh garden spinach has higher food value than market spinach some hours picked. A sun-warm tomato is more nutritious than one plucked in rain.

Mine workers, and you in dull weather, need more of vitamin D, the sun vitamin, which comes in eggs, milk, cheese, butter, smoked fish. One may assume that providing one absorbs the amount of vitamins necessary to keep normal health, one will be all right. But this doesn't follow. A Churchill probably needs—and takes—four or five times a "normal" vitamin dosage. It is also well known that the vitamin requirements for all persons are not identical. Some organisms require a lot; others, not as much. Or one organism extracts the maximum, another the minimum, from a given food supply.

Lord Woolton has been helped by the conversion of cereals into proteins, bulk corn and wheat into beef and pork, on the other side of the Atlantic. But the sheer bulk he has to deal with in feeding the 45,000,000 people crammed into this small island is enormous.

Although we have nearly doubled the acreage under crops, and are growing more potatoes, sugar beet, fodder roots, and fifty per cent more corn, and—up to last autumn anyway—the dairy cow and beef animal herds had been maintained, this doesn't go very far towards providing rations.

We used to provide from home-grown sources only four per cent of the 1,848,000 tons of oil cake for our milk and meat providing animals, and only a third of the 9,796,000 tons of cereal feeding stuffs for our cattle, sheep and pig herds, and poultry flocks, and we haven't been able to make a very big adjustment. To provide the 6 to 7,000,000 tons of wheat needed to satisfy our bread needs and for poultry feed, we'd need at least 6,000,000 acres, and we haven't got that amount of arable land available.

We used to eat 6¼ million bullocks, 23 million sheep and lambs and 46½ million rabbits. We've had to cut down on that gargantuan consumption, but it just shows you. There are 70,000 people in 2,250 pig clubs in this island now raising 100,000 porkers, which yield 7,000 tons of pork annually. It's an impressive figure and feat: but when you reckon that we needed 25 to 26 million pigs to supply our pork and bacon, the margin is considerable, and the bacon and pork shortage explicable.

Pigs have to be fed, too, and there is not enough pig swill and food generally to sustain the number of pigs we consume in normal times. That goes for chickens, too, when you find we used to produce only 65 per cent of the 7,180,000,000 eggs we ate in a year, and we had to ship in a huge quantity of poultry feeding stuff to keep the hens alive and laying. In potatoes we are self-sufficing, and we used to catch (*Continued on page 62*)

The fact that goods made of raw material in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

MODEL High-buttoned Jumper Coat
LEAFLET No. 1413 — 4d. at the Woolshop: 5½d. by post
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When cleaning shoes remember—a little cream goes a long way. That's important now that all dressings are becoming less plentiful. And here's another first-class tip. You should use Meltonian WHITE Cream for your coloured shoes if you find difficulty in getting dressings of the correct shade. Apply just a smear with a clean rag and rub well in. Up comes the shine—lovely and lasting.

Meltonian Cream

MELTONIAN WHITE CREAM *for polished leather of* any *colour*

ourselves 861,000 of the 974,000 tons of fish we ate annually, besides shipping abroad quite a lot of herrings. Now, the fish catch approximates about a ¼ lb. per head per week, and the less said about this industry, whose one complaint was over-supply, under-consumption, and low prices, the better.

We produce all our own milk, but we have to feed the cows, and there's another problem. A cow eats grass, and the crop growers battle the pasture people for the available land, and the army doesn't help much by requisitioning more and more farm land. When grass isn't growing, the farms which cannot produce their own fodder have to keep their herds alive on imported feeding stuffs, and that position looks like getting tougher. A cow needs 15 lb. to 20 lb. of grass silage to produce a gallon of milk, and normally we consume 1,200,000,000 gallons a year. Work it out for yourself.

Milk output follows the rhythm of the seasons. It rises as the cows crop the fresh spring grass, and declines as the cows are switched to stored food. Now farmers are asked to adjust their farm management so that more cows and heifers calve in autumn. The Ministry's experts calculate that one extra cow in each herd calving in autumn instead of spring means 250,000 gallons of milk added to the existing daily supply in the "off" season.

According to the American National Nutrition Conference, meeting last autumn, an adult needs a minimum of nine pints of milk a week, against a present British adult ration of two pints a week. But the conference failed to balance beer against milk. Beer, for the adult worker, is recognised in Britain as food, despite a fifteen per cent reduction in strength since war began. Malt, yeast, hops and sugar go into beer. That is a cross section of the vitamin B group, and this group contains the "vitality" and the "morale" vitamins. German beer, one of the few unrationed items in Nazi-land, has an alcoholic content down from eight–nine per cent to one–two per cent, and almost no food value, since malt, basically barley, has almost vanished from the Reich brewery mashes. Even Hitler can drink German war beer.

THE British brew amounted to twenty-five million barrels in 1941. This is an all-time record. It approximates 900 pints per head of our population, or rather more than, say, two pints a day for every man, woman and child, by the time you lop off the export barrels. As the child consumption is nil, and women are great smokers but small beer drinkers, it follows that the number of adult males who quaff more than two pints a day is large. These gentlemen are probably small milk drinkers, and what they miss in milk they make up in beer, while the women and children get the milk the beer-drinking males don't use.

It is possible that half our population used to over-eat. The average middle-bracket-income British or American pre-war menu would astonish the Chinese officer-cadets at Whampoa Military Academy, 50,000 of them between eighteen and twenty-five, who would not know what to do with three or four square meals a day. Their rations provide only two scant meals a day: vegetables and soup for 8 a.m. breakfast, and a 4.30 p.m. dinner not much more plentiful. An occasional duck fragment when they knock off a duck or two from the flock they rear in what spare time they have from a day which begins with 4.30 a.m. reveille and ends with bed at 8.30 p.m., with a two-hour rest spell at noon. They are uniformly lean and hard, and don't wilt easily.

The Japanese masses have long endured a diet averaging, in cost terms, the equivalent of eightpence a day; and their Woolton, the internationally renowned Dr. Saiki, head of the eighteen-year-old Government Institute for Nutrition, before the war began, had topped off his work by analysing the calory value of 6,000 different Japanese foodstuffs, and making up 500 meals, three a day, the

trio costing the equivalent of 2½d., and supplying enough nourishment to keep the eater not only alive, but toiling hard. Saiki varies his meals, as do the Germans, according to the age and sex of the eater. He finds grasshoppers more nutritious than fish; and on his advice Japanese soldiers get fish-offal cakes made of the pulverised heads, bones, scales and cleanings of fish—they provide more food value than most meat.

The Japs begin their war with a food supply as well secured as the American supply. They live mainly on rice, soya beans and fish. In Indo-China and Siam they got the two great rice-growing countries of the East. With Manchuria, they grabbed 70 per cent of the world's soya bean output. And their fishing fleet brings in the world's highest per capita catch—on the last figure it approximated 86 lb. per head of the population.

Hitler's *herrenvolk*, thanks to like seizures, are not doing so badly at present. Their gain is the loss of every other country in Europe. The tale is the same everywhere. Lack of human, animal and mechanised labour to produce crops. Lack of fertilisers, fodder, seed, transport, fuel. Everywhere herds and flocks shrink as their food supply contracts, and the Nazis requisition meat and fodder.

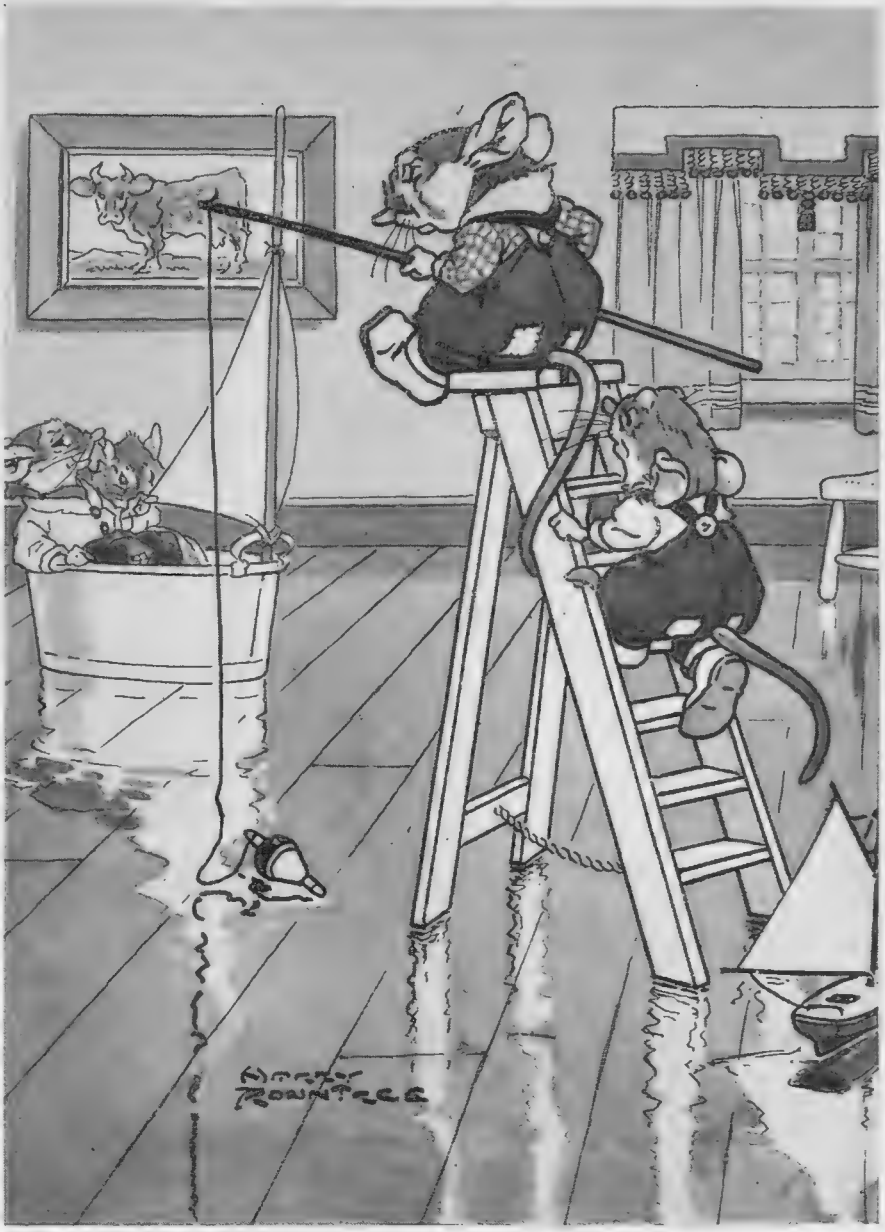
The powerful, privileged and plutocratic still eat well. But the people go hungry, and in areas of over-run Greece, Yugoslavia and Poland they starve. From France and Italy come the same stories about the grape vines: lack of fertilisers and essential copper-sulphate sprays are ruining the vines. In France, the Germans get the first squeeze of the wine grapes, the three P's aforesaid get the second squeeze and the bulk of the rest the German authorities ship out to feed their power-alcohol conversion plants. Meantime the British authorities divert the ingredients of whisky to the chemical factories which make explosives for bombs. A strange war, where the belligerents blast one another with wine and whisky.

THE Gauls, the world's most cultivated eaters, are exhausting their reserves now. They did not get on to ration cards until the autumn of 1940. All that time there was still plenty of cheese, eggs, vegetables, wine and the etceteras. Now the citizen is rationed to 250 grammes a day, with a meat dish equalling 90 grammes, and only a dozen such tickets, and an equal number of cheese tickets, provided each month. You can't eat out without your food tickets, and restaurants may not serve fresh bread, sugar, or meals costing more than the equivalent of 4s. 6d. No coffee before 3 p.m., and then it is "national," 60 per cent coffee—but better than the German coffee, which is four-fifths toasted barley and chicory seed. No *croissants. Pauvre France!*

Our wartime experience in food—and the lack of it—probably will largely reshape human life and health. There used to be great waste and misuse of food. Agriculture was in such a mess that the other day, talking to British farmers, Minister Hudson spoke of "*the bad old days of peace*," when British farming wasn't guaranteed markets and prices. In America, science and engineering had so expanded agricultural outputs that gluts and low prices were a constant curse, and chemists and industrialists were hailed as public benefactors when they promised to solve the farm problem by utilising huge quantities of field products in factories producing plastics and synthetic textile fabrics.

After this war we may see a world built in which every man, woman and child the world over is assured enough food to be healthy. Mr. Morgenthau, U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, thinks it can be done. And why not? Teams of men who can evolve and manage the colossal business of this war and its supplies, with armies, navies and air fleets strung out all around the planet, should not find it so difficult to organise a co-operative programme to secure food for all. The food is there; or rather, it will be when fields are tilled again, and herds built up. The essential problem is political and monetary, not agricultural.

END



"It was a great idea of Mother's to polish this floor with 'Mansion.' Up here it shines just like the sea from the pier."
"Yes! and look at the reflection of Willie and Martha's boat."

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POLISH
EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER & COACHWORK OF MOTORS PERAMBULATORS &c

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MP/OT

INDIGESTION

Relieved Instantly!

'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell. For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.'

The relief it gives is marvellous — instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (*Treble Size*). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/1½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d. (*Including Purchase Tax*).

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

PURE Coffee at its Best!

Contains no Chicory

Vacuum Packed—Always Fresh

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

Hand-Knitteds With Long Futures

(Continued from page 36)

on every row until there are 36 sts. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right, putting shaping at opposite edges.

THE COLLAR

With No. 11 needles and navy, cast on 90 sts. Work all k. for 4 rows. Now 4 rows cyclamen, now 4 rows blue, 4 navy. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS (two alike)

As collar on 100 sts.

CUFFS (two alike)

As collar on 60 sts.

THE WAISTBELT

Cast on 46 sts. with No. 11 needles and navy. Work 26 ins. rib. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 80 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work st.st. for 17 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 90 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew up sleeve seams, leaving 2 ins. open at wrist. Gather sleeve on to cuff, leaving 1 in. of cuff beyond gathers to form flap for press-stud. Sew on front strips and collar. Sew in sleeves inside out, for tight garter stitch effect. Gather into waistbelt. Crochet loops for buttons. Sew on buttons to front and press studs to cuffs.

LARGER SIZES

An oz. more navy wool is needed.

For 36-inch bust

Use No. 8 needles instead of No. 9, and No. 10 instead of No. 11.

For 38 to 40-inch bust

Use needles as 34 size, and cast on 12 extra sts. for back, and keep these 12 sts. all the way up work, and when casting off at shoulders, cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 14 rows instead of 12, leaving 38 sts. Make waistband length desired.

FRONTS

Put 6 extra sts. on each front, keeping them all the way up and casting off an extra 6 at shoulder.

SLEEVES

Cast on 90 sts. instead of 80, and have 40 to cast off at end instead of 30.

(Continued from page 36)

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and one shoulder seam. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Gather down front neck into a V. Sew press-studs to other shoulder. One oz. more of each colour is needed.

LARGER SIZES

For 36-inch bust, use No. 8 needles.

For 38-40-in. bust, cast on 102 sts. instead of 92 for back and front, and keep these extra sts. all the way up, having 46 sts. when casting off, instead of 36.

Cast on 82 sts. instead of 72 for sleeves, and keep these extra 10 sts. all the way up, having 40 sts. to cast off instead of 30.

Stone *versus* Timber

(Continued from page 12)

old-world charm of its setting! Warwickshire, that lovely county that is so rich in timber, has given us many delightful examples of half-timber houses. In one street in Warwick alone their gradual development can be traced in separate houses. At one end of the street is the narrow spacing and overhanging stories of early Tudor days, side by side with the more sparsely timbered and geometrical design of a later date.

At the entrance to Frocester Court both stone and timber live contently together. The gateway itself is of black and white, while the solid, matter-of-fact gatehouse is of stone, with typical Tudor dripstones and steep gables. It was at Frocester Court that Queen Elizabeth stayed on her way to Berkeley Castle in 1574.

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HAPPY SNAPSHOTS

Will R Rose

23 Bridge St. Row CHESTER

For the finest developing and "MAGNA PRINTS" (REGD)

Perhaps the strangest stone house of any to be found in England is at Porthcurno, near Land's End. Placed in a cleft of a huge rock, its tiny windows overpowered by the somewhat grandiose steps, this little dwelling must be one of the safest air raid shelters existing. It defies even the ravages of time, as well as the bombs that hurtle through the clouds on their last flight of destruction.

END

To a Good Digestion

(*Continued from page* 32)

sensations connected with indigestion, some come before a meal, some immediately after, others an hour or so after. The times of discomfort, in relation to your taking of food, are invaluable when you visit your doctor for professional advice. And we do urge you to get his advice if your pains, although not really bad, continue. Some of the little pains are far more dangerous than the sudden shooting spasms of pain.

If you feel pain immediately you take food you can be fairly certain that the inflammation (which neglected may become an ulcer) is in the stomach. Pain an hour or so after the meal is a signal that the trouble is in the duodenum. With "atonic" stomach, a rather general complaint, the pain goes up between the shoulder blades and is inclined to become chronic if neglected. Other symptoms are flatulence, headache, depression and heaviness. An excess of mucus is found in the stomach and the gastric juices become deficient. With this, a general cleansing treatment of at least six glasses of water each day, between meals, is helpful.

Unfortunately many people take the pains as things to be remedied in themselves, not realising that the pain is a mere danger signal warning you of some functional disorder.

All types of indigestion are caused, in the majority of cases, by digestive-system abuse. They can and should be remedied in all stages, by care and persistent obedience to the few rules shown on page 32. And if you have never deviated from the path that leads to good digestion, you will have none of the rocky, rough going so common among the majority of people, before you arrive at the destination of good digestion and its attendant health and happiness.

END

No Greater Fury

(*Continued from page* 20)

she was placed for money. Did her parents send her any? Most agents worked for as much money as they could get; many of the good international ones held out for their price. Of course, German nationals did not do this.

A click of heels made the major look up; his orderly clerk stood by the table; the man had an envelope in his hand; he handed it to the major. "Just come by air, sir."

"Excuse me," the major said to Helga. "I shall have to see what is in this." He tore the outer envelope and broke the seals on an inner envelope; then he took a pocket dictionary from a slit pocket in his trouser band and a note-book and pencil from another. He worked below the level of the table, sitting at an angle, so that Helga could not read what he wrote. The numerals in the code message gave the page and the number of lines down to the word in the dictionary; to encode and decode it was necessary for each party to have the same dictionary. Transcribed the message read:

"Urgently require news of Felix."

"All right," the major nodded to the orderly, who saluted and stepped back. "Has that list gone to the Military Governor's office?" the major asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing come in about a postponement?"

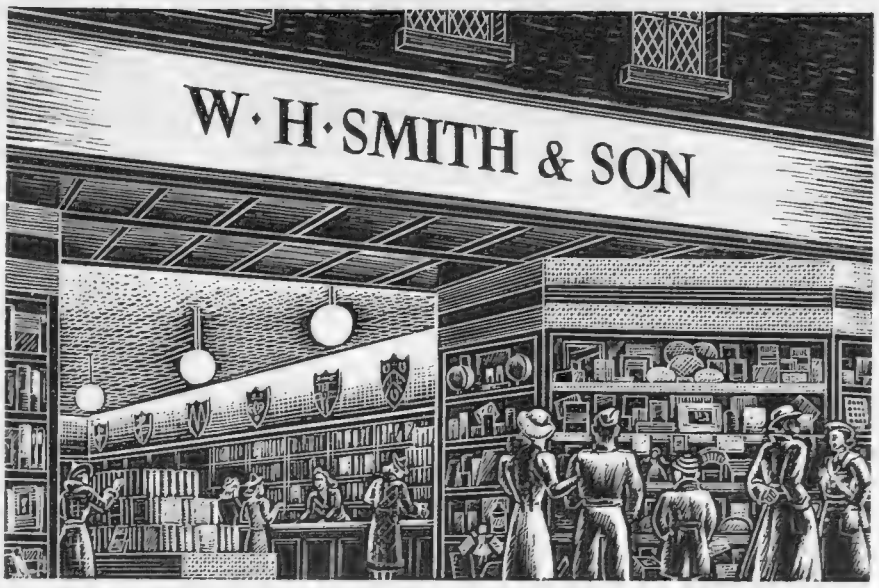
"No, sir."

"Very good, I shan't want you again this evening."

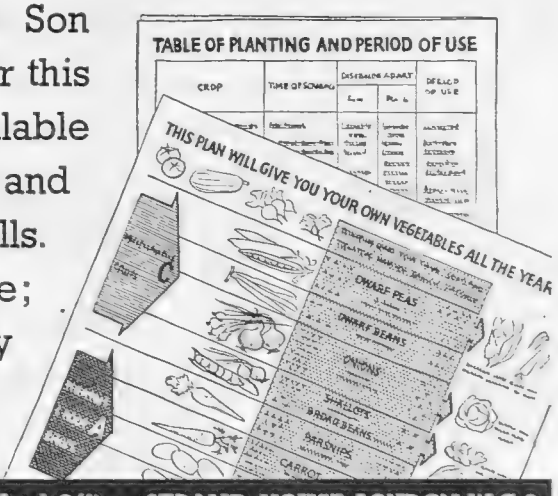
The man saluted again and left.

"Postponement of what?" Helga asked.

The major's first intention was to invent an answer; he changed. (*Continued on page* 66)



To help people growing their own vegetables to get the very best results, the Ministry of Agriculture have printed a pictorial Cropping Chart and table of planting, which shows at a glance how to get the utmost out of every inch of your ground. For the convenience of victory-diggers everywhere, W. H. Smith & Son have arranged for this chart to be available at all their shops and railway bookstalls. There is no charge; you're very welcome.



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Almost the moment you take "Anti-Kamnia" you get relief, and in five minutes the pain stops. Your nerves become soothed and steady and you feel ready for work as on other days of the month.

Physicians prescribe "Anti-Kamnia" and nurses recommend it, having proved that it will always avert suffering at these periods without disturbing the natural action of the female system. Why not get the tablets today and have them by you?

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From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/4

V216 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

SMOKERS' 'FUR'

How to detect it— How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it? . . . a rough, woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking.

Sold everywhere at 7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d. a tube (Including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

his mind and said casually: "America and Britain will lose fifty of their pals to-morrow."

She knew what he meant. Germany's intention to exact more reprisals for the murder of another officer had been announced. "You are mad and brutes," she said.

She spoke in just the way the major hoped she would. No potential double spy would criticise the Fuehrer's orders.

"We must do what we are told," the major said.

"What have you to do with it?" she asked.

"I!"

"You asked that soldier if the list had gone to the Military Governor's office. Did you make it out? You did! I can see it in your face." She half rose.

"Sit down," he said. "Tell me something; do you want Germany to be beaten?"

SHE sat down a foot or two away from him; she did not speak; he could see the struggle going on in her mind. "No," she said, looking in front of her.

"You can't forgive that young American?"

She shook her head. "I suppose he had to go back; but he need not have married three months afterwards. We lived together. It is so humiliating. I could kill myself." She spoke in an undertone, looking in front of her all the time.

"I shouldn't do that; I've got a better idea," the major said. "But first, you must tell me once again, on your word of honour—are you absolutely certain you don't want America and Britain to win this war?"

She turned to him; he fancied he could see the anger in her eyes: "I would like to see them lose," she said.

"Would you like to help in their defeat?"

"How can I?"

"I'll tell you," the major opened the notebook at the page where he had written the decoded order from Berlin. He showed her the words "Urgently require news of Felix." Then, in the indirect way in which these matters are spoken of he talked about Felix. He did not say who Felix was, nor what he did, but when he had finished he had told her enough for her to realise that she was being offered a mission in connexion with German espionage in Britain, and that further instructions would be given her when she was in the plane that would carry her across the Channel.

Helga listened to him, then said: "How do I get back? I shan't leave until I know that."

He had to explain in detail; she was insistent, interrupting whenever he was not explicit.

Aerial photographs, taken by reconnaissance planes during the summer, had shown certain beaches where bathing was still permitted along the coast of Britain; these beaches were presumably free of obstructions. A Luftwaffe officer had assured him that a seaplane flying some distance off the coast could obtain sufficient height to come down silently and glide towards a selected beach at low water; that was how she would get away. She was to go to this beach two hours after dark on a given date. If weather conditions were bad, the plane would come on the first fine night. When he had finished she said: "Where shall I be brought back to?"

"France," the major said. "Where did you think? There will be a car waiting to bring you straight to Paris."

"What part of the coast will the seaplane bring me back to?"

"I can't tell you that," he said. "Why do you want to know?"

"Because of your secret police. They may think I know too much; they may do something to me. You must send someone to meet me or I won't go."

"All right, I'll send someone to meet you. Now you will need this." He put a damascene cigarette case on the table. "You see that," he showed her an inlaid monograph on the corner of the case. "All good damascene cigarette cases are signed by the craftsman who made them. It is a Japanese custom

just as European artists sign their pictures." He explained to her how the Japanese cigarette case was to be used.

The next night, the major saw Helga off. He had never hardened himself to wishing good luck to those he sent out, though in Helga's case it was something to know she would be imprisoned and not shot if she was caught.

It was still dark when the pilot signed to her to jump. She was being dropped over Exmoor near a main road, along which an early bus belonging to a regular service, passed at 8 a.m.

She landed safely a few yards from a moorland pond. She hid her parachute, walked towards the nearest village, and when the bus came by she stopped it and took a ticket to Exeter. At Exeter she booked by train to London. Arrived in London she went into the street outside the station and walked until she came to a tobacconist. She entered the shop, held out the damascene cigarette case, which the major had given her, and asked for it to be filled.

The tobacconist, an elderly man with white hair, took the case, looked at the signature in Japanese characters, and then looked at Helga: "How many cigarettes do you want?"

"Seven," Helga said.

"Seven?" the tobacconist repeated.

"That is the number," Helga said; she thought the whole procedure rather absurd. The major had told her to ask for seven cigarettes; he had also explained that the letters inlaid in Japanese characters were a secret service cipher. "Real spying is very much like the stories you read," he said. "All you have to do when you have shown the tobacconist your case and asked for seven cigarettes is to wait and see what he does. He will know why you have been sent."

Now she was going to be told, Helga supposed, as the white-haired tobacconist opened a door behind him and invited her to come round the counter.

WHEN she first went into the shop and handed the cigarette case to the proprietor she had noticed that his fingers trembled as he fumbled with the clasp. Old people's hands often shook and she had thought to herself: Poor old man!

Now, alone with him in the little back parlour, she realised he was trembling with fear; he kept his eyes fixed on her and his lips moving like a rabbit, making no sound.

She took out one of the cigarettes he had put in her case and lit it. As the petrified old man seemed unable to speak she felt she must make a start. "I have come about Felix; what has happened to him?" she asked.

Her own assuredness seemed to have a good effect. "Don't they know?" he asked.

"No," Helga said.

"I think that he has been caught."

"Oh!" Helga exclaimed.

"That is why I have sent nothing back. There was nothing to send. Besides I don't know what he will do; they may offer him his life if he will talk; that will be bad for me;" the old man passed his finger across his throat.

"What makes you think they have got him?" Helga asked.

"Because I have heard nothing. He went down to the West Country; I don't know where exactly. He may have gone outside one of the towns, too near to an aerodrome perhaps. I told him never to go outside the towns; he could find out all he wanted in the pubs."

"About aerodromes?" Helga asked.

"Yes; now that Roosevelt has said he is sending an expeditionary force to Europe; we must know where the aerodromes are going to be. Felix was clever about that. He had a little car and took round parcels of cigarettes; you know there are opportunities now that cigarettes are not easy to get."

"Where did he get the cigarettes from?"

"That was arranged before the war. There is a warehouse underneath," the old man pointed to the floor.

"So he came here (*Continued on page 68*)

Shoes scarcer, dearer

YET COUPONS AND MONEY SAVED

BUT I MEAN THIS COUPON BUSINESS AND HIGH PRICES, AND CLOTHES GETTING SCARCE··· WELL I THOUGHT —
THAT YOUR WIFE WOULD LOOK A BIG FRUMP! SILLY BOY. YOU DON'T NEED A COLONEL'S PAY TO HAVE A SMART WIFE. I'LL TELL YOU MY SECRET TOMORROW

THE NEXT DAY
YOU SEE, SIR, SHOES LIKE THESE WILL SOON BE UNOBTAINABLE. SO MADAM TOOK MY ADVICE AND NOW SHE BRINGS HER NEW SHOES TO ME TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS BEFORE SHE WEARS THEM. THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE AND HEEL NEVER TAKE ANY OF THE WEAR. THE SHOE NEVER LOSES ITS SHAPE
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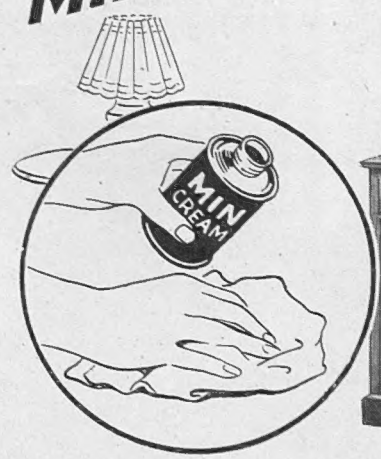

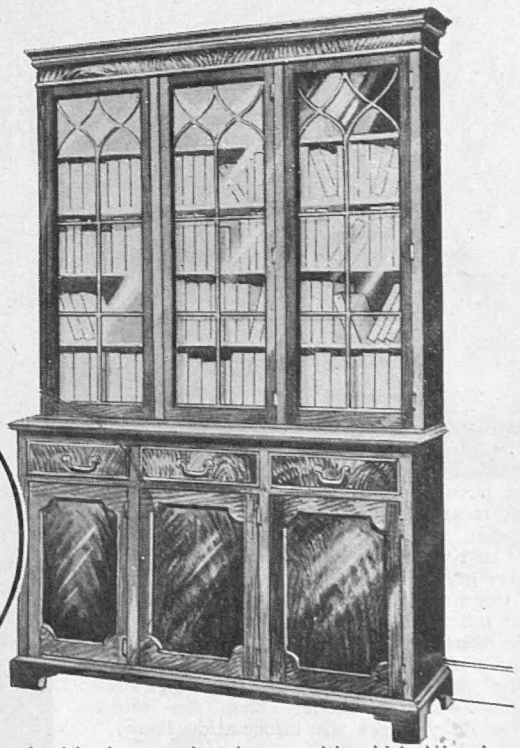

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to get his supply of cigarettes to take round and then he used to tell you what he had learned about aerodromes while he was travelling?"

The old man nodded: "People who sell cigarettes always know about the troops in their district."

"And now you say the police have arrested him?"

THE old man nodded again: "I think so; he has not been back here, that is why I have not been able to send any more information; I am afraid."

"Of what?"

"Of being arrested too. Do you think they will make him talk as our police would do?"

It was the first indication he had given of his nationality.

"Are you German?" Helga asked.

"By birth I am; by nationality I am British."

"Surely they watch you in any case if you are a naturalized British subject of German extraction?"

"Not after twenty years," the old man said.

Helga looked at him, wondering that after twenty years this old man could remember he had been born a German. But he had now that his fatherland had gone to war. That was patriotism. Or was it? Those washy eyes looked sly. She said: "I suppose Felix used to bring information here and then you passed it on?"

The old man nodded.

Helga said: "You have been working for the German Intelligence Service for a long time?"

He looked at her before answering: "All my life."

She thought of what the major had said before she left, when he had given her the time-worn advice that is given to every young agent: "The best spies are the ones that are never caught."

"Do they pay you well?" she asked.

The sly look in the old fellow's eyes became a glint. "In Germany I have my own vineyards on the Rhine."

The question of Felix remained to be settled. "You are quite sure the police have picked up Felix?" she asked again.

"Unless he is dead, or has been run over by a car, or is ill."

"Well, what are we going to do?" Helga asked.

He looked at her again; now she was quite sure there was a sly look in his eyes. "I shall need more money; you will have to go back and tell the people in Berlin."

"Why will you need more money?"

"I must employ someone else; in any case, I cannot do anything for several weeks; not until I know that I am safe myself; after that, perhaps I can arrange for another traveller, but he will need to be well paid; it is a grave risk: they must send me twice as much as they used to do."

Helga thought that if one traveller had been caught it would not be much good to try the same method again. She was surprised that any one with the experience the old man must have, should not realise this. She was going to say as much when she suddenly got the idea.

"Can't you carry on unless you get your money grant increased?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not," the old man said. "You must tell them that it is impossible."

So it was a hold up! Double my salary or I don't play. Agents often did this.

She pretended to agree that his suggestion was reasonable. Then she said: "How do you get the information back?"

He did not answer.

"I have been given full authority to investigate everything," Helga said.

Still no reply.

"And I have also been told to satisfy myself that your courier service is reliable. If it is not——" she shrugged her shoulders.

"Then it will be too bad for me?" the old man said.

"I'm afraid so."

"All right, I'll tell you. A representative from a foreign bank comes to see me; he buys his tobacco here; in the packet I slip a few numbers; they are map references. Bankers often cable figures; so it is quite easy to cable map references."

"I should have thought the British Intelligence Service would have been on the alert for that sort of thing."

"If we used their own maps they would have found out long ago; but we don't; we use ours. The figures in the cable would not make sense on any map that they could check by. I designed our map; there is only one copy in this country; one at the other end. I have the copy that is here. I don't want to destroy it, but I must think of my own safety."

His washy eyes watched her. That was what it was—a hold up!

"You'll be taken care of," she assured him. "Just give me the address of this bank and tell me who to ask for. Will the cigarette case work?"

"Oh yes, it will work."

She moved towards the door. "I shan't see you again; I have to get straight back. Good-bye."

He watched her leave; his face less strained; he always dreaded being visited by other agents. But she was not coming back. And she was going to ask for more money for him, so that if anything had happened to Felix, he could employ another man. Felix! The old man began to grin. A moment later the mobile grin became a mask, as he saw a policeman go up to Helga and hold out his hand.

"May I see your identity card, please," the policeman said.

She opened her bag, took out a card, and presented it. The officer examined the card.

No Greater Fury

He read aloud: "Married woman: Nationality of husband—citizen of the United States."

"That is right," Helga said, in her broken English.

The policeman looked at her: "I must ask you to come with me." Later, on the way to the station, he said apologetically: "Not that I think there is anything wrong, miss, but we've been asked to keep that shop under observation like, and you were inside a bit long to buy a few cigarettes."

Later an American official said to a British official: "This lady is married to an officer in the American Air Force; the marriage took place in Paris. I will give you some further details." The conversation took place in a private room.

Helga was not present; she would have been pleased if she could have heard the things that were said. "She has done her first job well," was one of them.

About the same time the office of a foreign bank was raided and an old man, named Smith, who kept a tobacconist's shop, was picked up. But they never got Felix. There was no Felix. This was how it was done.

After twenty years in the tobacco trade the old man had made his own contacts. He knew packers, travellers, salesmen; he knew the cafés and the pubs they used, and because nobody knows more about troops than the people who sell cigarettes he inadvertently, and in all good faith, was told many things without ever leaving London. All that he needed were a few little pins to stick into a map he had designed himself. And if he had not been a greedy old man and faked a breakdown of his information service to get more money, he might have gone on working; but hardly indefinitely, now that the very efficient intelligence service of a third great power has got into the game.

END

Waste Paper Is a Munition of War

QUEEN MARY'S LETTERS FOR SALVAGE

Old letters, records and files are being turned out at Marlborough House for salvage, and here is Mr. M. J. Richards, one of the secretaries (*left*) and Mr. E. Varley Jowett, who has been a Queen's Messenger for 40 years, with a sackful of old letters for salvage

1.4.42

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